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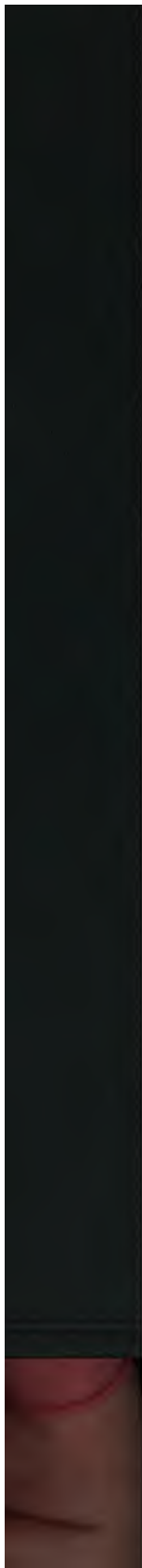
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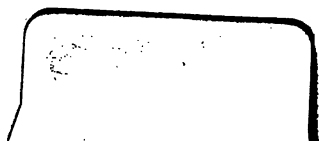
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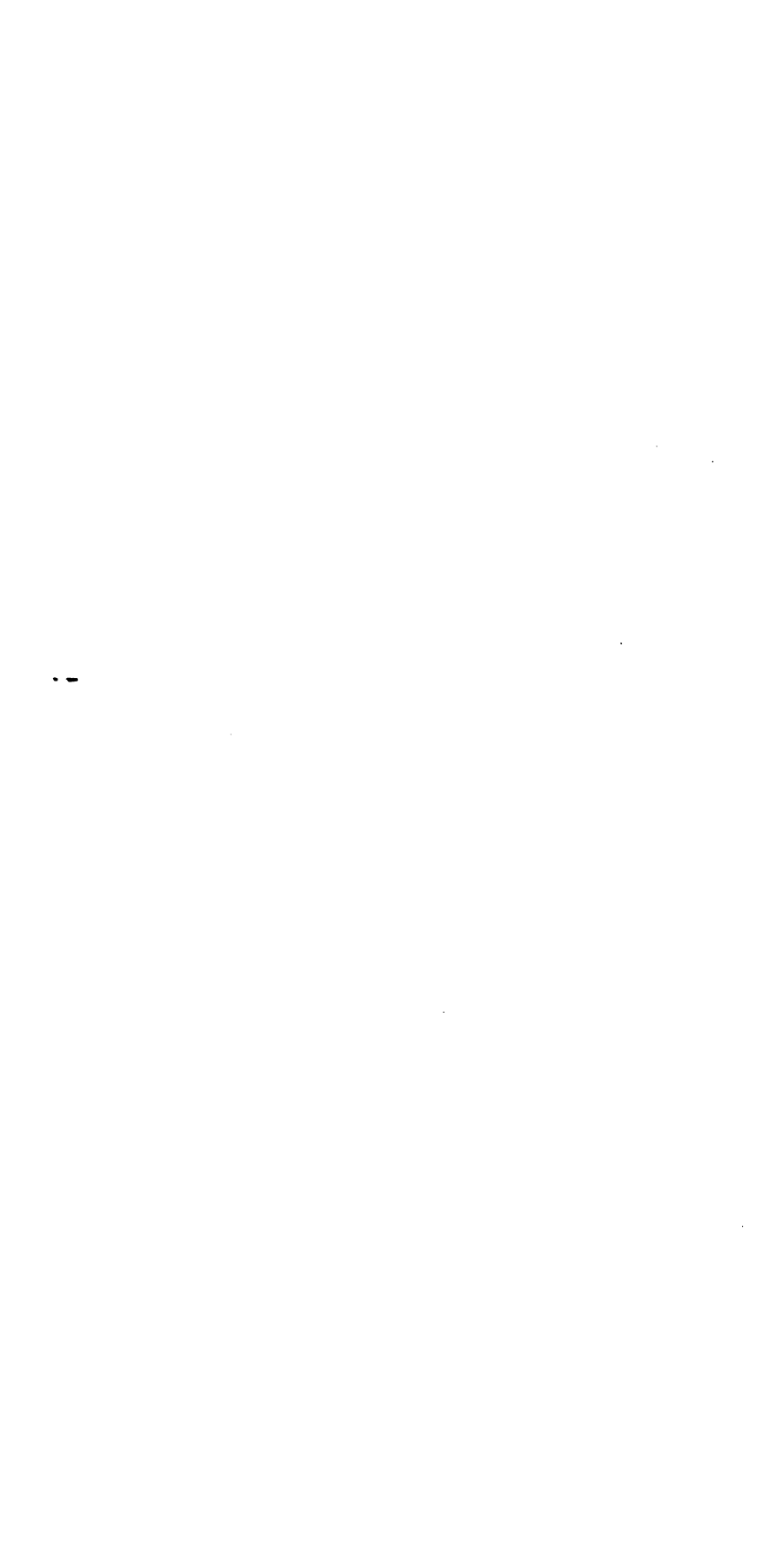




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JAMES MOORE, DUBLIN.

INTRODUCTION.

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the patient." He went on to say that the most important and surprising results were obtained by this artificial mode of renovating the worn-out human machine, and great hopes were excited of the future improvement and progress of this new art. But so many children were bled to death to supply the demand for youthful vitality, and these selfish murders being daily increasing to an alarming extent, the various governments of Europe interfered and put a stop to the practice of transfusion.

"What is the loss of a lover to the loss of beauty," said Diana to her cousin, Beatrice Howard, who had been complaining hitherto of the treatment which she had received from the Honourable Tom Brunker, "the first can be easily replaced: the latter is too often irreparable. The mere possession of such charms as yours would be to me a source of such exquisite pleasure, that no misfortune which did not touch them could make me unhappy. What is your misery to mine? My complexion fading! My hair turning white! My figure degenerating! My teeth decaying! I knew not how dear my beauty was to me until now that it is fading. I feel that everything which I have would I give to get it back. Alas, what is life without youth and beauty! They are the poetry of existence. Without these life to me is hateful. Forget that I am growing old? As well bid the condemned criminal forget his coming doom! Although I avoid my glass, I see my fading beauty mirrored in every countenance. I see it in the pitying looks of my friends and in the satirical glances of my enemies: the former persecute me with assurances that I never looked better or younger, and the latter, by pretended sympathy and reiterated inquiries relative to my state of health. I see it in the

altered demeanour of the men. The selfish avoid me; and the good-natured cannot conceal that they are bored by my society, and anxious to get away. I never feel happy in the society of the old; and yet, the youthful make up their parties without me, making matters worse by alleging, as an excuse, that the social gatherings are exclusively juvenile. I cannot endure this continued mortification: I cannot endure the thought of being old, or even of being thought old by others. I have such a horror of being deserted by the society of youth, and obliged to endure solitude, or the still worse companionship of the wrinkled faces, and the grave countenances of age, that death itself with all its terrors, would be preferable to such a life of misery. I yearn for the ringing laughter, the merry looks, the exuberant spirits, and the wild frolics of youth, and would do anything, and dare anything, to bring back that happy period when I could join in their games without being thought an intruder, and a check upon their freedom."

"You are not old," said Beatrice soothingly. "The fading of your beauty has some other origin. Have you followed my advice and consulted Doctor Abernethy?"

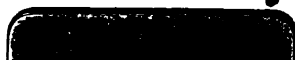
"I have. He attributed the decadence of my charms to a paucity of Ozone in my system, and promised renewed loveliness if such rules were followed as would promote the assimilation of that subtle element. At parting he gave me what purported to be a prescription. It was written in Latin, so I brought it to Fred Harcourt to see what it was about. This is the translation:—

OZONE.

It comes when Heaven's dread voice is heard,
When lightnings flash and thunders groan;
It comes upon the wings of storm,
That subtle thing we call Ozone.



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"If that fails, cousin Beatrice," said the wretched woman, growing deadly pale, and speaking slowly and with difficulty, "if that fails, then—then—*I will die*. Hush, here comes some one. O, my Bill," she exclaimed, as her *fiancé* entered, "I never was so glad to see you before in my life," and she leapt into his arms, and clung to him with an affection which gratified, but surprised the barrister.

At this moment there was heard a loud yelling and great uproar approaching the house. "Hold me, my Bill," shrieked Diana, burying her face in his bosom, "hold me, close, close, close, closer."

"What means this idle terror, my darling?" asked Bill, fondly, "the noise you hear is only made by that mad-cap, Hal Hautville, and his lunatic friends, Bill Banbury, Ned Norton, and that set. Do you forget that this is the night upon which their new amateur manuscript magazine, *The Cap*, is to make its first appearance, and that your aunt has given them permission to read the first number here? I saw the title page of this precious production; and the motto of the periodical is,—'*only he need wear it whom the cap fits*.' It is clear, therefore, taking this circumstance into consideration, and also the antecedents of the contributors, that the stories will be personal, and that the Magazine has been called into existence merely as a means of annoying us. Oh! it will be pleasant—very pleasant! to have tales read in which *you*, and *I*, and *Beatrice*, and *poor Fred*, are caricatured, and shown up in a false and ridiculous point of view, in which truth is artfully woven with fiction, with a view to set us all by the ears, and in which our most private sayings and doings, gleaned by eaves-dropping, are exaggerated, and coloured, and then made public. However, this is the last night I shall

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pearl powder, rouge, false tresses, and such like.

At last they came to a glass case under which reposed a false bosom.

"That," said Cleopatra, "is the newest thing out. We call it the Patent Mammary Elevator, from *mamma* the Latin for breast. We sell great numbers of them. This one has been purchased by the Duchess of F——y."

"How beautiful? What a marvel of art! And so natural. What is it made of?"

"Of a thin skin of caoutouche, or India Rubber, filled with air. It is furnished with a little valve by which the size of the bosom can be regulated to suit individual taste—by blowing into the pipe you can increase the inflation of the bosom, making it larger without destroying its just proportions, and by a reverse process you can make it smaller."

"How ingenious. And, dear me, how light it is—why it is not heavier than a child's balloon. This one, you say, has been

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hot, but being an inveterate disciple of Terpsichore, she did not hesitate to elbow her way in, and join in the rapid evolutions of the waltz which was going on. Round, round, round she went in a delirium of pleasure, thinking of nothing but the triumph of the moment, for she had as partner the handsomest man in the room. Observing that everybody stared at her, and even the other couples all stopped to gaze, as if spell bound, and attributing the sensation to her own graceful movements, she felt much gratified, and increased her exertions.

Suddenly her partner stopped too, and addressing her very gravely, said,

“Madam, I fear you are very ill. Rest one moment here, while I summon Doctor Hargrove, who is in the next room.”

Following the direction of the speaker's eye, the unhappy woman looked down, and discovered that the bosom was swollen to enormous dimensions, and was still rising—still expanding—still getting bigger and bigger.

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a small quantity of a fluid which has the property of vapourising at a very low temperature. When the ball-room grew crowded, the temperature became sufficiently elevated to cause the ether to commence changing its state to a gaseous fluid, thereby expanding the bosom until the thin India Rubber sides, being no longer able to sustain the tension caused by the liberated gas, were rent asunder with great violence.

CHAPTER II.

ARSENIC BEING USED BY THE PEASANTRY OF THE TYROL TO PRODUCE EMBONPOINT AND A GOOD COMPLEXION, MRS. JOCUND THINKS SHE WILL TRY ITS EFFECTS UPON HERSELF—SHE TRIES IT—THE RESULT.—A VICTIM TO VANITY.—POISONED AND DYING.—ARRIVAL OF THE DOCTOR.—LUDICROUS DENOUMENT.

THE shame and mortification resulting from the *exposé* which took place at the ball, produced salutary effects. Mrs. Jocund, for several days, left off rouge and pearl powder, and ceased to affect those juvenile airs and graces which are not only unbecoming, but supremely ridiculous, in a woman of middle age. The cure, however, was only apparent,

it was not real, the vanity which was the root of the disease was still gnawing at her entrails, ready to urge her to fresh acts of folly upon the first opportunity. Nor was opportunity long wanting.

One day, about a month after the occurrence of the scene which forms the foreground of the last chapter, chancing to take up a book entitled "The Chemistry of Common Life, by James F. W. Johnston, M.A., F.R.S.S., L.S.E.," her eye fell upon the following startling passage:—

"In some parts of Lower Austria, in Styria, and especially in the hilly country towards Hungary, there prevails among the common people an extraordinary custom of eating arsenic. During the smelting of lead, copper, and other ores, white arsenic flies off in fumes, and condenses in the solid state in the long chimneys, which are usually attached to the smelting furnace. From these chimneys, in the mining regions, the arsenic is obtained, and is sold to the people by iti-

nerant pedlars and herbalists. It is known by the name of *Hidiri*, and the practice of using it is of considerable antiquity. By many it is swallowed daily throughout a long life, and the custom is even handed down hereditarily from father to son.

“Arsenic is thus consumed chiefly for the purpose of giving plumpness to the figure, clearness and softness to the skin, and beauty and freshness to the complexion. This result is described as following almost invariably from the prolonged use of arsenic either by man or by animals. Young peasants, both male and female, have recourse to it with the view of adding to their charms in the eye of each other; and it is singular to see how wonderfully well they obtain their object, for those young persons who adopt the practice are generally remarkable for clear and blooming complexions, and for a healthy figure. Dr. Von Ischudi gives the following case as having occurred in his own medical practice: ‘A healthy but pale and

thin milk maid, residing in the Parish of H—, had a lover whom she wished to attract to her by a more agreeable exterior, she therefore had recourse to the well known beautifier, and took arsenic several times a week. The desired effect was not long in showing itself, for in a few months she became stout, rosy cheeked, and all that her lover could desire. In order however to increase the effect, she incautiously increased the dose of arsenic, and fell a victim to her vanity. She died poisoned—a very painful death.’ The number of such fatal cases, especially among young persons, is described as by no means inconsiderable. The quantity of arsenic taken by those who are beginning the practice varies with the age, sex, and constitution, but it never exceeds half a grain. This dose is taken two or three times a week, in the morning fasting, till the patient becomes accustomed to it. The dose is then cautiously increased as the quantity previously taken diminishes in its

effect. No symptoms of illness, or of chronic poisoning are observable in any of these arsenic eaters when the dose is carefully adapted to the constitution and habit of body of the person using it. But if from want of material, or any other cause, the arsenic is left off for a time, symptoms of disease occur which resemble slight arsenical poisoning; especially a great feeling of discomfort arises, great indifference to everything around, feeling of overloading in the stomach, increased flow of saliva, burning from the stomach up to the throat, pains in the bowels, and especially oppression in the breathing. From these symptoms there is only one speedy mode of relief, namely an immediate return to arsenic eating. * * * * *

From the influence of hemp and arsenic no heart seems secure—by their assistance no affection unattainable. The wise woman, whom the charmless female of the East consults, administers to the desired one a philtre of hachish which deceives his imagination—

cheats him into the belief that charms exist, and attractive beauty, where there are none, and defrauds him, as it were, of a love which, with the truth before him, he would never have yielded. She acts directly on his brain with her hempen potion, leaving the unlovely object he is to admire as unlovely as before. But the Styrian Peasant girl, stirred by an unconsciously growing attachment—confiding scarcely to herself her secret feelings, and seeking counsel from her inherited wisdom only—*really* adds by the use of *Hidiri* to the natural graces of her filling and rounded form, paints with brighter hues her blushing cheeks and tempting lips, and imparts a new and winning lustre to her sparkling eye. Every one sees and admires the reality of her growing beauty, the young men sound her praises and become suppliants for her favour. She triumphs over the affections of all, and compels the chosen one to her feet. Thus even cruel arsenic, so often the minister of crime, and the parent of sorrow,

bears a blessed jewel in its forehead, and, as a love awakener, becomes at times the harbinger of happiness, the soother of ardent longings, and bestower of contentment and peace."

No pen could describe the rapture with which Mrs. Jocund read Mr. Johnson's eloquent description of the action of arsenic on the female charms. In imagination she again saw herself the idol of the ball-room, enchanting all by the freshness and charms of her complexion, the graceful roundness of her shoulders, and the noble development of her bust—no artful fiction this time—no dangerous patent mammary elevator—no deceitful arrangement of air and India rubber—but a fact—a patent fact—a glorious reality—a thing of genuine, unmistakeable, downright flesh and blood—one which would stand the closest inspection, requiring no screen of lace to ward off the eyes of scrutinizing rivals.

"Yes, yes, dear darling Doctor Johnson,"

she exclaimed, in her ecstasy apostrophising the eloquent advocate of that mighty conjurer, Hidiri, "Arsenic shall be the soother of my longings, and the bestower of contentment and peace. It shall paint with brighter hues my cheeks and lips, and impart a new and winning lustre to my eye. Everyone shall see and admire the reality of my growing beauty. The young men shall sound my praises, and become suppliants for my favour. I will compel the chosen one to my feet."

She found much satisfaction in making herself acquainted with the manner in which the arsenic would act upon her system:—

"Arsenic lessens the natural waste of the body, diminishing the quantity of carbonic acid discharged from the lungs in a given time. The consequence of this action on the respiratory organs is that the fat of the food which would otherwise be used up in supplying carbonic acid to be given off by the lungs, will be deposited instead, in the

cellular tissue beneath the skin, and thus will feed, plump out, and render fat and fleshy the animal which eats it."

The druggist to whom Mrs. Jocund applied for arsenic so closely questioned her as to what she wanted with "such a deadly poison," that she felt convinced he must guess what she was going to do with it. She fancied she discovered a look of deep meaning in his countenance while he repeated over and over again that it was a "deadly poison." Blushing and stammering, she said,

"I want it for killing rats."

"I would advise you to use phosphorous paste, instead. It is just as efficacious for that purpose, and has this advantage, that if left lying about, it is not likely to be taken by any person through inadvertence."

"I have tried phosphorous paste before, and was unsuccessful. The family are going to London for a couple of months, and as the house will be locked up, and the poison

left in the cellars, no danger can arise from the use of arsenic."

"How much will you have?" asked the shopman, still eying her dubiously.

"How is it sold," inquired Mrs. Jocund trembling under the penetrating and suspicious looks of her interrogator.

"You can have a pennyworth."

"I will take sixpenny worth, if you please," said the aspirant for Beauty, faintly.

"Sixpenny worth is a large quantity," returned the other, knitting his brows.

"Why how much is a dose?" asked Mrs. J., who now felt threatened with a swoon.

"A pennyworth would kill a great many—rats."

The shopman said this with—oh!—such significance, that his would-be customer was almost on the point of leaving the shop in despair. However the remembrance of the glorious effects of Hidiri nerved her with the courage of a lion, and she firmly returned to the charge.

“Make me up six pennyworth, if you please. You have no idea how numerous the rats are at our house.” As she spoke, she took out her purse and placed sixpence on the counter.

The shopman produced a book, and directed her to write in it her name and address. When this was done, he proceeded to weigh a powder white as the driven snow—white as the bosoms which Hidiri produces on the maids of the Tyrol. It discoursed to the purchaser eloquently of its appearance and powers: white it said, is the emblem of virgin beauty—I am white.

At this moment the shopman threw a quantity of a nasty black substance into the potent powder he was weighing, destroying in an instant its dazzling and exquisite colour.

“What is that for?” asked Mrs. Jocund, amazed and angry.

“To prevent it being mistaken and taken for some one of those many powders used

for domestic, or culinary purposes, which resemble it in appearance ; as for instance, carbonate of soda, salt, and powdered lump sugar."

"I won't take it that way," returned the purchaser, and the tears rushing to her eyes, she quickly drew down her veil, lest these signs of emotion should revive the suspicions of the shopman. "Give me some pure—there is no danger—I will be very careful."

"I dare not do it. There is an Act of Parliament which compels me to mix some foreign colouring matter with every parcel of arsenic which I sell. What I have put in is merely a little lamp black or soot. It does not interfere with the poisonous properties of the drug, and as it has no smell, the rats—not being particular about colour—cannot object to it."

The purchaser made no further demur—pocketed her prize—hurried to an Ironmonger—purchased a set of very delicate scales and weights—hurried home—weighed

out a dose of the beautifier—and swallowed it.

That night Mrs. Jocund could not go to sleep for many hours after retiring to rest. But the time at first past pleasantly enough, being employed by her in building castles in the air, and conjuring up visions of herself transformed to, or re-cast in, a mould of enchanting beauty. At last a feverish doze was obtained, and in the dreams which arose the waking visions were realised. One day the arsenic eater, having been promised an introduction to a Royal Personage, and therefore being more anxious than usual to enhance her charms, took a very large dose of the beautifier. Symptoms of poisoning instantly set in. The family doctor being called in, directed the clergyman to be sent for, telling the patient that half an hour of life was all that remained to her. Screaming with terror the sleeper awoke.

At first the poor vain woman was disposed to think the awful dream to be a warning,

and to resign the intention of submitting her system to the action of the dangerous drug. But when daylight came, the dream was traced to its true origin, the story of the "healthy but pale and thin milk maid," Dr. Von Ischudi's patient, who, *incautiously* taking too large a dose of Hidiri, died poisoned.

There could be no danger in *cautiously* taking the drug; for although Mr. Johnson observes that the number of persons poisoned by the incautious use of Hidiri, taken to enhance their charms, is by no means inconsiderable, yet, he adds, "no symptoms of illness or of chronic poisoning are observable in any of these arsenic eaters when the dose is carefully adapted to the constitution and habit of body of the person using it, and the practice may be continued for years without the least injury resulting from it."

Mrs. Jocund commenced with a quarter of a grain, twice a week, but soon increased the doses in quantity and number. Before

commencing the course, she had carefully taped and measured her bust and other charms, noting down the result in her journal, and now, to her extreme delight, found her figure to be plumping out, in the manner described by Mr. Johnson—her bosom in one week increasing in the semi-circumference three eighths of an inch and one sixteenth. This was truly satisfactory. A great part of her time was now taken up in examining her expanding charms, measuring them with a tape, and noting the results in her journal or diary.

It was about this time that the post brought a small packet, having an interior cover on which was written: "To Mrs. Jocund, from an anonymous but sincere friend. *To be opened at midnight.*"

By a praiseworthy exertion of moral courage, curiosity was restrained until the indicated time arrived. When the clock struck—before its echoes had ceased to reverberate through the silent sleeping house—the enve-

lope was torn from the mysterious parcel and the following story appeared :—

A VICTIM OF VANITY.

The diary from which the following extracts have been taken belonged to Miss A——, a once well-known belle.

This lady, one morning, was found dead in her bed ; arsenic was found beside her—more than that, it was found inside her ; and the twelve wise men who were called in to sit on her body pronounced the poor lady to have committed self-destruction. But for once the proverbial sagacity of an English jury was at fault. Miss A—— certainly died by her own hand ; nevertheless she could not be called a suicide. As the following pages will testify, death was far from her thoughts on the eve of that fatal night which terminated her life ; and those malicious people who hinted that she destroyed herself in a fit of spleen at seeing all those charms fading away for which she was

once so celebrated, will see how unfounded were their ill-natured surmises.

Few who had not known the lady would care to hear the particulars of all her conquests and all her disappointments; to read how gradually the painful perception that the adage "All that's bright must fade," was illustrated in her own waning charms, became evident even to her wilfully blinded eyes. How long she tried to hide from herself the appalling fact that she was really getting old, and had not yet secured an establishment and a husband;—how bouquets, tickets for concerts, and all those little attentions which men will pay to beautiful women were gradually discontinued;—how the aid of the corset-maker was called in to supply a substitution for her shrinking charms;—how cosmetics supplied the place of her once blooming complexion, and artificial plaits of hair were artfully and insinuatingly disposed among the remains of her once luxuriant tresses. But we will reveal no

more of the secrets of Miss A——'s toilette. Enough, that at thirty-eight her manner was as juvenile as ever, and her face—thanks to a few artificial contrivances, also as juvenile as ever (in her own opinion). She might be compared to a well-executed wax-flower ; deceptive at a distance, but which will not bear close inspection ; fragile, and liable to fall to pieces in a hot room.

One day she saw an announcement in the Gazette that General Arthur, K.C.B., her quondam lover, was coming home from India, and immediately resolved to compensate the gallant officer for all he had endured for her sake by bestowing upon him her now mature charms. What follows we take verbatim from her diary :

December 26.—I have seen him. Oh ! how shall I describe what passed on that evening ? But I will be revenged. It was at a ball we met. He talked of old times and made himself very agreeable [the deceitful wretch] : But at the latter end of the

evening, I became separated from my chaperon; and while I was passing through the supper-room in search of her, at the further end, reclining on a sofa, sat the general—no doubt suffering from his liver, having perhaps, indulged too freely at supper. At that moment the odious Major Boxer (late captain) came in, and asked the general if he had seen *her*—meaning, of course, me. Burning with curiosity to hear the reply, I stepped behind a curtain, and from that place of concealment heard all that followed. These words will never be erased from my memory. I can never forgive them.

This is what the general said :—

“I have seen her, though I wish to heaven I had not. When I left England, she was a beautiful fascinating girl of eighteen. I never could have realized then the possibility—nay, the inevitability of such a disagreeable metamorphosis as this evening I was unfortunate enough to witness. There

December 27.—I have been reading Johnston's "Chemistry of Common Life," and there I see that, by taking small doses of arsenic internally for a short time, one may actually attain a second youth ; the complexion will be restored to its original bloom—the skin regain its smoothness—the figure its rounded contour. Happy hour ! I feel already restored to youth. I see the general at my feet imploring forgiveness, which I magnanimously accord him, and consent to become Lady Amy Arthur, K.C.B.

December 28.—I have procured the arsenic. How delightful to be completely restored to youth and beauty ! In what despair the general will be when I at first reject him, as a punishment for his ungentlemanly remarks, until I relent and accept him. Stay ! shall I accept him ? Restored to my original beauty, I might perhaps be able to secure a younger man—a baron—a viscount—an earl—a duke—perhaps even a

Royal personage ! I will consider this to-morrow. How burning the arsenic tastes.

January 2.—I have taped my legs and my bust, and find that they are plumping out. The havoc which time has made in my once beautiful neck and shoulders is being rapidly repaired, the “bones and muscles” no longer appear with fearful distinctness. My skin (oh ! I could kill him) no longer, with any justice, can be compared to “parchment;” it is getting clear and white, and the wrinkles are disappearing.

February 10.—My brightest dreams are more than realized—Arsenic has filled and rounded my form—plumped me out to the proportions of a Venus—blanched my skin—with the exception of the lips and cheeks, which it has painted with the hue of the blush rose—lent a divine lustre to my eyes ! Everyone sees and admires the reality of my charms—the young men sound my praises and become suppliants for my favour—I triumph over the affections of all, and compel

a Royal Personage to ask "Who's that lovely woman?" My feelings for that darling man who, by giving publicity to the effects of Hidiri on the form and complexion, has enabled me thus once more to wield the sceptre of beauty, are indescribable. Gratitude is no name for them. If I meet him in society, I fear I shall be unable to restrain my transports, and, breaking through conventional reserve, shall clasp him to the charms which he has so developed and expanded.

This was the last entry in the diary. That evening the renovated belle felt a feeling of discomfort arise, great indifference to everything around, feeling of overloading in the stomach, increased flow of saliva. These symptoms were soon followed by a sensation of burning from the stomach to the throat, pains in the bowels, and great oppression of the breathing.

She died in great agony at half-past eleven that night.

Alas! she is not the only victim which the fatal Hidiri has claimed—thousands of silly females have lost their lives in an endeavour to retain or regain a complexion, and a pleasing embonpoint, by dosing themselves with the treacherous drug. No precautions can secure them from this fate, for arsenic is what is known as a *cumulative* poison, that is, it accumulates in the system even when taken in small doses, and though the infatuated beauty-seeker may go on taking it for months, or even years, without injurious effects manifesting themselves, yet symptoms of arsenical poisoning may set in at any moment—without premonitory notice—even sometime after the patient has left off the use of the drug—and the case proceed to a fatal termination in spite of the physician.

Mrs. Jocund laid down the manuscript much moved. She knew that whoever wrote the story must have obtained access to her private journal, and have been put by it in

possession of all her secrets. She guessed too, that the person in question was Mr. Henry Higgins, who would sacrifice his best friend for a joke, and who, notwithstanding his love for her daughter, would be certain to show her up everywhere. But it was not the fear of ridicule which moved her—it was the fear of death—death in its most terrible form—death sudden and painful! For she remembered now having read in “Taylor’s Medical Jurisprudence,” [rather an odd work for a lady to read, but she had once been shut up in a barrister’s study for an hour, and Taylor was the only one of the calf-bound tomes which contained any subject of interest to her] that arsenic *was* a cumulative poison, and that many instances were on record of arsenic eaters being destroyed by the accumulations of days, weeks, or months, suddenly awaking from their dormant state; being probably aroused into activity by some change in the state of the body, a change of state as mysterious and

seemingly inexplicable as that which enables the system to support the presence of such quantities of the drug as would kill a person not habituated to its use. That is to say, in some way—not understood by physiologists—the immunity which the arsenic eater obtains by habit, is liable at any moment to be completely destroyed, or neutralised, without any cause being apparent for the fatal change.

Mrs. Jocund, upon examining her sensations to ascertain if symptoms of arsenical poisoning were present, soon grew aware of a great feeling of general discomfort, of overloading of the stomach, difficulty of breathing, increased flow of saliva, and fully believing that the arsenic which had accumulated in her system was beginning to develop its toxical powers, became much frightened. Her new-born love for the advocate of Hidiri now changed to quite another feeling. Why had he not mentioned that arsenic was a cumulative poison, that it gathered and

lurked in the system, until it acquired force sufficient to swoop down upon, and carry off its victim; that though sometimes, with seeming caprice, it acted a friendly part during a whole life, at others it capriciously—suddenly—when least expected—without any apparent reason—changed to an enemy, inflicting the most horrible tortures on its poor deluded followers, terminating only in death.

Mrs. Jocund now watched anxiously for the appearance of a burning sensation from the stomach to the throat, and pains in the bowels, resolving to send for the doctor if these grave symptoms set in. In a little time she thought she felt a sensation of heat in the fauces, and a slight abdominal pain, but was not quite sure about it. However, being much frightened, she ordered the family physician to be sent for.

In half an hour, all the symptoms of arsenical poisoning described by Johnson were strongly developed, and the patient

was convulsed by agony, mental and bodily.

Her whole life was presented to her imagination at one view—as if in a picture—often the case with persons in fear of immediate death—and, oh! what folly was there represented—what time misspent—everything done that ought not to have been done—everything left undone that ought to have been done!

“I cannot, dare not die,” she screamed—
“give me something to make me live a week—a day—even an hour. Oh! what a fool I have been to risk my life to bring back my beauty.”

Here all her quivering muscles being tied into knots by cramps, she called out to those in attendance to kill her for the pain could no longer be borne.

It was at this moment that the doctor entered. The wretched woman, with many tears, confessed that she had been taking arsenic for her complexion, and that, being a

cumulative poison, it had collected in her system, and was now killing her.

“When did you learn it was a cumulative poison?” asked the doctor, while feeling her pulse.

“A few minutes before I felt the first symptoms of arsenical poisoning.”

“From whom did you learn the cumulative properties of the drug, and how do you know the symptoms of your present malady are those peculiar to arsenical poisoning?”

The patient pointed to a manuscript lying upon the floor. The doctor took it up, and rapidly glanced over the pages.

“This is the toxical influence,” he said. “You are being poisoned by your *Imagination*. Arsenic is indeed a cumulative poison, and thousands of silly females have lost their lives by it, for no matter how carefully the dose may be adapted to the constitution, the life of the eater of the beautifying drug is never for a moment safe. But you have *not* been eating arsenic.”

“Not been eating arsenic!—Why I have been taking it for a month, and have brought myself up to three grains a day.”

“You *thought* you were taking arsenic, but in reality you were only swallowing a very harmless substance—a little powdered chalk. The fact is, I found “Johnson’s Chemistry of Common Life” in the drawing-room, about a month ago, with the leaf turned down at the chapter on arsenic-eating, and on making enquiries, learned that *you* had been perusing the work. Suspecting some mischief would follow, I went round all the druggists in Brighton, leaving with them a description of your person, and begging of them to give you, if you applied for arsenic, some white harmless powder, resembling the drug, such as powdered chalk. My impression was, I told them, that you would be seeking the drug to take it internally as a beautifier. The shopman to whom you applied, recognising at once the person described by me, supplied powdered chalk

instead of the fatal mineral demanded, and by so doing, in all human probability, saved a life ill fitted to leave the world at present—yes, Mrs. Jocund, you may thank my foresight, and that poor druggist's acuteness, that you are alive this day. The cramps which torture you, the sensation of burning from the stomach to the throat, the oppression on the chest, the difficulty of breathing, the feeling of overloading of the stomach, the increased flow of saliva—all the symptoms of which you complain, have been induced by Expectant Attention—that is, by your watching for the symptoms with the expectation that they would set in. The symptoms have had their origin in the emotion agitating your mind—they have been induced by Imagination, though now they are real enough, for it is a law of nature that the direction of the consciousness to a part, with the expectation that some change will take place in its organic activity will always produce that change if the concentration of the attention be sufficient.”

“But my body has plumped out all over under the influence of the white powder, and my bust has increased in size three-eighths of an inch and one sixteenth—could powdered chalk really effect this change? Could it clear my complexion?—Could it restore my colour?—Could it cause my eyes to become again bright and sparkling?”

“Yes, by acting on, or through—your *Imagination*. The mind acts upon the body through the great sympathetic nerve, so that the groups of muscles which work the various organs of the body are influenced for good or evil by the various emotional states. Depressing emotions of all kinds tend to impoverish the secretion of the gastric or digestive fluid—that which dissolves the food—the result is that the appetite fails, the food is not assimilated, the body remains unnourished, the features become angular, and the skin is dried up and shriveled like parchment. Again, depressing emotions of

all kinds vitiate the biliary and pancreatic fluids, causing the complexion to become a dusky copper, green, or yellow colour. Again, depressing emotions of all kinds induce weakness of the heart, the organ becomes unable to force the blood into the capillaries, and the result is that the face becomes drawn and pallid. Cheerfulness, on the contrary, promotes that healthy regular action of the heart, stomach, liver, and pancreas, so favorable to the figure and complexion. You can now understand how the powdered chalk caused your figure to "plump out," cleared and freshened your complexion, and brightened your eyes. Before you obtained possession of what you thought to be that omnipotent beautifier, arsenic, you were in a deep state of despondency, caused by the waning of your charms, and this state of mind, by poisoning all your secretions and enfeebling your heart, did more to destroy your beauty than the hand of time. The possession of the false

arsenic by creating hope, removed the fatal despondency, promoting all those lively emotions which tend to establish a vigorous state of health. The assimilating power being increased, more of the food was taken up, causing your body to plump out ; the tone of your heart, liver, and pancreas being restored, your complexion grew again clear and rosy ; and the animal spirit, nervous energy, or vivific force being no longer consumed and wasted by a morbid melancholy, was again seen dancing and burning in your eyes."

CHAPTER III.

PRESSURE OF HAND IN THE DANCE BY THE PARTI, WHEN AND HOW TO BE RETURNED ; WHEN AND HOW REBUKED—HOW TO RECEIVE THE PARTI AT A PARTY—HOW TO TALK TO THE PARTI AT A PARTY—HOW TO LOOK AT THE PARTI AT A PARTY.

“WHEN the ball is over,” continued Mrs. Jocund, “you must go back into short dresses, and if you would sometimes roll your hoop, or play with your doll, while visitors are present, you would oblige me. And—ahem ! do not tell any body that you are fifteen—say you are only thirteen.”

“I won’t say that ma,” returned Beauty, summoning up the mulish look of the Jocunds. “I’m going to give out instead that I’m seventeen.”

“Un grateful girl!” rejoined Mrs. J., reproachfully, “would you make an old woman of the mother who has nursed you through all the diseases of childhood, chicken pox, measles, thrush, mumps, hives, swelled glands, inflammation, and coughs and, colds innumerable—if you do—mark my words, if you do, I’ll get a copy of the parish register and send it round to all our friends.”

“But, ma, the Loathsome Creature is always making fun of me for being so young, and teasing me about not being full grown, and putting up Bodkin and Spoon and others, to call me a bread and butter miss. I wish I was seventeen! I *will* say I am seventeen! Do let me say that I am seventeen, ma?”

The request was peremptorily refused, and a note despatched to the parish clerk, directing him to send a copy of the registry of the birth of Miss Jemina Diana Beauclere Jocund.

“When you have finished your letter to the parish clerk, I suppose you will favour me with a few hints on ball-room etiquette?” said the bread and butter miss, with mock humility.

“I was going to do so. I have observed with much distress—*much* distress, that in the little social gatherings which you have hitherto been permitted to attend, you make it a practice—yes Miss, *make it a practice*, when asked to dance by any parti you do not like, to turn your head away, pettishly, and say ‘*toooooo tired*’ [Beauty aspirated the o, making it sound like the cooing of a dove] and then stand up the next moment with some more favoured parti, almost before the echo of your allegation of fatigue has ceased to whisper among the curtains and cornices! This Good Breeding forbids. Were you to commit such a solecism in adult society, the most unpleasant consequences might ensue—*would* ensue. In a girl, at a juvenile party, it is regarded and forgiven, as a mere child-

ish freak; but in a young lady at an adult ball it would be looked on as an unpardonable insult."

"And what must I do, ma, I can't dance with every one that asks me?"

"Of course not. Many partis are ineligible, but still they must be treated with courtesy. When you are unfortunate enough to be asked by an ineligible parti, you must *sit through that dance*."

"Sit through a dance, ma!" and the girl threw up her hands in dismay. "I *couldn't* do it—no—not even if I tried—my legs would carry me off in spite of myself! And I *won't* do it. I won't! I won't! I won't!" She stamped her foot.

"You have the obstinacy of the Jocunds! Now, mark my words, Jemina, I feel that they are prophetic, if you do what Good Breeding forbids, the consequences will be dreadful!"

"But I tell them I'm *too tired*—they ought not to be offended when I tell them I'm *too tired*!"

“You give the lie to your assertion, by accepting for the same dance, almost in the same breath, some other parti—you turn your head away, and say ‘toooooo tired’, and the next moment you dance off with some one else—It’s infamous—you *must* sit through the dance”.

“I won’t ! I won’t ! I won’t ! Oho ! Oho ! How you teaze me,” and Beauty, setting her plump lips firmly together, and stiffening her arms and legs, made herself a picture of pretty obstinacy.

“And then”, said Mrs. J., resuming her lecture, “Good Breeding forbids you to refuse a parti in two words, and to turn away your head while you are addressing him. Instead of saying with averted head ‘toooooooooo tired’—”

“Don’t mimic me, ma—I *won’t* be mimiced”, the pretty foot again stamped the floor.

“For shame, Mimey!—instead of saying, with averted head, ‘too tired’, you should

look up, and, smiling languidly, murmur, 'Pray excuse me, Mr. So and So, *indeed* I am too much fatigued to dance this so and so; and then *of course*, you sit through that dance.'

"Then, *of course*, I don't do anything of the the kind", rejoined the obstinate belle. "I said I won't sit, and when I say I *wont*—'I *don't*—never, never, *never do*. I'll refuse nasty partners in any way I like, and I'll not say 'pray excuse me' to them, nor look up in their nasty ugly faces. There is Spriggins, *he* is always asking me, and I always refuse him. He asks me regularly every dance, so that if I were to sit every time I refuse him, I would be hatching all night".

"Hatching! Oh Mimey! Mimey! how can you be so indelicate!"

"It is your fault, ma; you want to make me sit like a hen on her eggs, cluck, cluck, cluck," she imitated the sounds by which the domestic fowl announces that it has laid *an egg*.

“It is very foolish of Spriggins to persist in asking you to dance, after you have refused him so often; Good Breeding forbids a parti to ask a lady a second time, when she has sat through one dance rather than stand up with him. Still I would have you treat the young man with courtesy, and then, when he sees you sitting”—

“Cluck, cluck, cluck,” cackled the incorrigible girl, affecting to hatch an imaginary nest of eggs by sinking on the floor with her dress spread out.

“Is there a mother who could preserve her temper under such trying circumstances—a mother who would not be driven to passion by such exasperating conduct in her child? I think not! You unnatural girl, to say cluck, cluck, cluck to your mother” sobbed Mrs. J.—“to the mother who has nourished you at her bosom, and nursed you through hooping cough, measles, thrush, chicken pox, and all the diseases of childhood, and spent large sums of money on

your education—more than anybody will ever know—to obtain which she herself has had to endure great privations, deny herself cabs, and appear at consecutive balls in the same dress.”

“You are always telling me that, ma,” returned the ungrateful nursling, sullenly.

“And if I am, have I not a right to do so. Was there ever before such a mother as myself! Going to balls and parties every night, to keep up my connexion and position for your sake, so that you may have friends when I bring you out; working myself to death for an ungrateful minx who says cluck, cluck, cluck to me, as if she were talking to a common hen—And to requite my exertions with ingratitude, just at the moment when I was in hopes of seeing you married to a most amiable VISCOUNT, whom I have been told, in confidence, has fallen desperately in love with you!”

“Who?” asked Beauty brightening up—
“Oh, dear ma, who?”

“Lord Fitztickle, of Fitztickle Castle, in the county of Sussex, Mimcy!”

“*He*!—why he is sixty, and wears a wig and false teeth!”

“Only forty, or fifty; and quite a boy in constitution and heart, and *so* amiable!”

“Miss Croker says he is rake”.

“So he is, dear; but reformed rakes always make the best husbands. You shall reform him! He’s enormously rich, and will, no doubt, allow you a large sum for pin money”.

“How much do you think, ma?”

“Oh, a thousand a year, at least. And when he dies, you will, of course, have a large jointure. I’ll insist on a handsome settlement being made.”

“How much do you think he would, settle, ma”? asked the practical young lady.

“Anything less than five thousand a year, I would call shabby. Of course you would marry him, Mimcy—You could not be so mad as to have any doubt on the subject—of course you *will* marry him—if he asks *you*?”

"I don't know, ma," replied Beauty giggling. But she did know, very well.

"Miss Croker, who is now allowed to be the belle of Brighton, is setting her cap at him. Would you not like to try and cut out Miss Croker [the girl tossed her head]. You must guard your temper while in his company, for if you break out into one of your tantrums before him, your chance is gone. His fear of catching, what he calls, a Matrimonial Tartar, amounts to monomania, and he resorts to the wildest schemes to try the temper of those he would marry. He stuck a pin in Miss Palmer's patent air crinoline, on the Parade at Brighton, and she collapsed, like a broken parachute, in the very middle of a crowd of the *élite* of Brighton. You can imagine her dismay! Need I say her temper failed her. And so the engagement was broken. He bribed the lady's maid to mix some powdered nitrate of silver with Miss Bloxham's rouge, and that unfortunate young lady consequently became black as a

crow, and was obliged to go into retirement for several weeks. He sat down, designedly, on Miss Tompkin's new bonnet, obtained at great expense from the Empress of the French's own milliner, and thereby prevented Miss T., from going to the flower show at the Pavilion, where she had been promised an introduction to the Duke of Q——.

In fact, dear, Lord Fitztickles is quite mad—that is he's not mad, you know, but a little eccentric—yes *certainly*, a little eccentric. Beware, therefore, of forgetting yourself, even for a moment, never tap the floor with your foot, or frown, or snap, or snarl while he is present. Remember that the one thing needful is a rich and noble husband. Keep this steadily in view, and make every minor object subservient to it. I repeat, keep your matrimonial prospects constantly in view, and as each event rolls on, ask yourself '*how will this affect my prospects?*' and act accordingly. If you meditate doing anything, ask yourself,

how will *this* affect my prospects?; If you meditate *not* doing anything, still, ask yourself, how will this affect my prospects?; let these words be your touch stone to discriminate right from wrong; let their spirit be the mainspring of all your actions; let their answer be your oracle; and your oracle, my dear daughter, if judiciously worked, will not fail to guide you safely through the devious paths of spinsterhood to the matrimonial mansion in Piccadilly, which you sigh for. Let your conduct be strictly conventional—under every conceivable combination of circumstances, strictly conventional. In your conversation be romantic and idealistic; in your actions, strictly practical. Rave about *love in a hut, with water and a crust*; say that *this* is your ideal of happiness—it sounds well; but I need hardly impress on *you* that you must not accept such an offer from any parti who has not five thousand a year to keep the hut up, and pay for the bread and butter. Lead

every parti you can into a proposal, for this will add to your reputation as a belle. Don't snub poor partis, for they are sometimes useful in bringing rich partis to the point, and besides it is dangerous to have them for enemies. Never make an enemy if you can help it, be courteous to all; I cannot repeat this advice too often. Bear in mind that all partis are deceitful and desperately wicked, and suspect them of the worst intentions until they prove their innocence by proposing. Read all the newest novels, so that you may be able to talk and act in the very latest conventional manner. And, indeed, I would advise you to try and write a three volume yourself. I'm told it is *the thing* for young ladies to do now—strictly conventional—and besides it will improve your composition. If you want assistance, Hal Higgins, I am sure, will help you, he is *so* good natured."

"Oh the Beast!" exclaimed Beauty, "do you think I would ask the loathsome creature to help me?"

“Fie! fie! Mimey, have you already forgotten what I said about universal courtesy, and not making enemies. You must *not* call the poor young man a beast, or a loathesome creature, although he is, perhaps, the most conceited of his sex, and what so odious in a man as conceit!—what was that noise?—oh, only a mouse. But to turn to another subject: I would strongly advise you to practice orthography and singing more than you do, for I regret to find that you spell badly and sing flat—what was that noise like somebody laughing—I hope nobody hears us—Ah, it must be Thomas, coughing in the garden. Now, Mimey, are you listening to me? are you prepared to follow my advice? But I am sure you are, for though you are sometimes flighty, and affect to sneer at your mother’s admirable advice yet I know that, at bottom, you are a sensible practical girl, and treasure up my maxims. and I trust to see you working the

oracle, at the Gooseshire ball, with praiseworthy perseverance. At present your prospects are *magnificent, splendid*—if you only follow my directions you will soon be a *Viscountess*. At every ball, at which you expect to meet Lord Fitztickles, reserve the first dance for *him*—or at least keep yourself disengaged so long as there is any hope of his asking you to be his partner. This will flatter him. He prides himself on his taste in lady's dress, on his skill in suiting the colour of the fabric to the colour of the complexion, and so forth ; invite him, therefore to accompany you shopping, alleging that you wish to have the benefit of his matchless taste, while choosing your dresses and bonnets. He will like too, to see these articles tried on—like not only to suggest the fashion of the garments, but also the alterations ; and his directions must be implicitly carried out. Few partis can resist the compliment of being brought by a beautiful girl to her dressmaker's, and em-

ployed in suggesting combinations and alterations; the occupation so developes the DOMESTIC NATURE, inherent in all men, that the parti usually proposes before the garments are ready to be sent home. Another place fatal to the celibacy of the parti, is the studio of the photographer; for the arrangement of the pose affords the parti an opportunity of offering a thousand little compliments and attentions, which he would have no excuse for tendering in any other place, and which cause acquaintance to ripen into intimacy, and intimacy into love, and love into matrimony. Of course, his lordship will ask you for your *carte-de-visite*, and, *of course*, you will then propose to have a new one taken, alleging that you don't like the *poses* of those you have already got, and wish to have the advantage of being taken in a *pose* created by such a true artist as his lordship—say created—artists like their ideas to be called CREATIONS. When you give his lordship these invitations, do it boldly, with an air of innocent, childlike

confidence, as if a matrimonial union with him was a thing which never entered your thoughts—don't giggle, Miss—remember I'm your mother, and expect some little show of filial respect—very little indeed is it that I receive! Where was I?—Oh yes! I was going to observe, when you interrupted me with your silly and unseemly sniggering—yes Miss sniggering—a most low and vulgar kind of sound—one which no well bred person would think of making—I was going to observe that it would be advisable for you playfully to christen Lord Fitztickles, GRANDFATHER. You would then have an excuse for playfully allowing him to take the privileges of a grandfather—all in play! you know—quite a joke! he! he! he! and if any one taxed you with setting your cap at him you could reply, 'do you think I would marry my grandfather?', and so carry the matter off. If you carry out my instructions faithfully, you will gradually become so tangled in his heart strings, so matted with

his habits, that the time will come when he will find that he cannot do without you. A little flirtation then with some one else, to make him fear that he may lose you, will bring him to your feet an humble suppliant for your hand, prepared to make the most liberal settlements. You must study his habits, and adapt yourself to them. For example, he smokes paper cigars—learn to make them. Now with regard to ball-room etiquette: The demeanour of youth to age should always be respectful; therefore, if Lord Fitz-tickle press your hand in the dance, you may *discreetly* return the pressure, doing it so softly as to leave a doubt in his mind whether the action was the result of accident or design. But if any other *parti* venture on the familiarity, do not notice it save by a calm dignity which will show the offender that you are conscious of his act, although you do not condescend to rebuke it in words, and that you are astonished at his impudence, shocked at his impropriety, and attribute his boldness to natural coarseness and vulgarity.

When you are dancing the quadrille, assume a calm and graceful carriage and a *smile*. Recollect to smile all the time. *The Smile is essential*, you will find if you read any book on ball-room etiquette. Don't romp your waltzes, or lay your head on your partner's shoulder. When you are introduced to a *parti*, don't receive him with an hysteric laugh, but with *the smile*. Take an inventory of the dress of the *parti*, but don't let him observe you doing so. It will serve to make conversation for your next partner; and if you ridicule the costume amusingly, you will be thought a clever, agreeable girl, whom a fellow can get on with. Make good use of your eyes. The audacious stare is odious; the sly, oblique impenetrable look is unsatisfactory; but there is a way of stealing a timid glance at the eligible *parti*, and then, when detected, turning the eyes frightenedly on the ground, like the startled fawn, which is very effective. Practice the timid glance. With regard to flirtation: If the *parti* is eligible, flirt by all

means ; for the predilection of the moment often becomes a more tender and serious feeling, ripening eventually into an honourable form of devotion, having for its goal matrimony. *But* a young lady of taste will be careful not to flaunt or publish her flirtations, but do it quietly on the stairs, or in a window. Never let any *parti* kiss you unless he is old enough for you to be able to call him, playfully, “grandfather ;” for the creatures are so vain of this privilege when it is accorded, that they never can help boasting of it at their clubs. I believe that is all I have to say to you just now.”

“Yes, ma ; but don’t you think,” asked the artful Beauty, coaxingly, “that it would be a good plan for me to tell Lord Fitztickle that I was seventeen my last birth-day ? Because it would increase my chance, by lessening the disparity of years between us, and—”

“No more of that, Jemima,” said mama, glaring.

"Come, ma," urged Beauty, big with a bright idea; "come, ma, I'll tell you what I'll do—where is it? [*Fumbling in her pocket for a coin.*] Oh here! I'll toss you up whether I'll be thirteen or seventeen—Head I'm thirteen, harp I'm seventeen." And she pitched a crown into the air, calling out as it fell, "Harp I'm seventeen! Now, ma, recollect I'm seventeen in future—I've won the toss."

Mama had received the proposal in silence; perhaps, waiting to see the result of the throw before she vetoed the invocation of chance for such a purpose. Just as she was on the point of repudiating, indignantly, the suggestion that she had silently assented to be guided by the voice of Fate, a loud peal of laughter came from behind the curtains which shut off the embrasure of the great bow window. With the spring of a panther, Beauty reached the spot, and dashing aside the draperies, revealed—*The Beast!*

He had heard all! Loathsome creature!

CHAPTER III.

THE STRANGE GIRL—THE STRANGE GIRL'S
 EXPECTATION—THE EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH
 —THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRINA—BOXED AND
 KISSED—FIGGINS SEEKS THE AXIS OF FASHION
 AND MEETS THE SPIRIT OF TON—THE CON-
 VENTIONAL WALK—THE CONVENTIONAL POSE
 —THE CONVENTIONAL SMILE—THE CONVEN-
 TIONAL LANGUAGE—THE CONVENTIONAL DIS-
 TANCE—AND THE CONVENTIONAL RETREAT—
 THE MAN WHO FORGOT HIS OWN NAME.

“FRED,” said Beauty to Figgins on the morn-
 ing of the day fixed for the Gooseshire ball,
 “Fred, you must come to the ball. I’ll take
 no excuse.”

“Oh, I couldn’t,” returned Fred, looking
 frightened.

“And why could you not, sir? What obstacle is there to your coming? What just cause or impediment, what reasonable excuse can you produce for remaining away?”

Fred blushed, and coughed nervously, glancing at the door as if meditating an escape. Beauty, guessing his intention, shot the lock, and put the key in her pocket.

“Come, sir,” she said, imperatively, “what’s your reason for not wishing to come to the ball?”

Thus bullied, and the only avenue of escape closed, poor Figgins hung his head, and said, shyly and reluctantly,

“I’d be introduced to strange girls—I mean girls I don’t know, you know.”

“Well, and what harm would the strange girls do you?”

“They’d expect me to talk to them,” replied Figgins, bashfully.

“And why couldn’t you talk to them?” asked Beauty, with an expression of sympathy.

“What could I say to them?” asked Fred,

in a melancholy voice, "what could I say to a strange girl?"

"Oh, anything! Talk to them about the weather and the state of the streets—Stay, it's freezing now, *ask them if they skate*; this subject, if used economically, will last you the whole evening. Come, I'll give you a lesson in ball-room conversation: Observe, in the first place, that when a gentleman is conversing with a lady on ball-room topics, he usually strings his sentences together into an unbroken flow of eloquence by the iteration of some interjection. The lively man fills up with the haw-haw-haw or cachinnating conjunction, and the languid man with the awwwww or drawling conjunction. These conjunctions economise ideas greatly. Mr. Ferdinand Prince, with whom I danced so much at Mrs. Smith's last night, is a specimen of the laughing genus; and his brother, Mr. Beaufort Prince, who handed me down to supper, of the drawling genus. I remember both of them made the subject of skating

last all the evening. Now for our lesson in polite conversation. I'll be Mr. Beaufort Prince, and you'll be me: Do you skate, Miss Jocund?"

Figgins looked at her, and then at himself, in blank amazement, as if to assure himself that no actual change of persons had taken place; and having ascertained that there was no outward transformation, he seemed to be making a careful mental examination to discover whether there had been any spiritual transmigration.

"Now then, stupid!" exclaimed Beauty, stamping her foot; "go on—say something—don't stand there with your mouth open, looking like a fool. Did you ever see *me* do that? I'm ashamed to have such a representative! Do you skate?"

"No," replied the interrogated, getting very nervous.

"(Don't give me such short answers, sir.) Don't skate, Miss Jocund? [*Look of surprise.*] Awww few opportunities of learning in this

country—Awww graceful accomplishment—Awwwww ever saw the Empress of the French skating? (Say something, Fred.)”

“No,” returned Fred, trembling; for he knew that the brevity of the reply would call forth a rebuke.

Mr. Beaufort Prince shrugged his white shoulders, and seemed inclined to box the stupid Miss Jocund’s ears; but he changed his mind, and went on,

“Not seen the Empress skating! Awwwww neither did I—Aww graceful woman—Awww like to see her with the skates on—Awww ever saw the Princess Alexandrina skating? (Go on, Fred—say something.)”

Figgins paused for a long time, turning and twisting in nervous apprehension. He *had* seen the Princess skating on the Virginia water; but the reply which rose to his lips took the objectionable monosyllabic form which he knew would certainly bring down upon his head a verbal, if not a physical chastisement from his impatient preceptress;

and for the life of him he could think of no other.

“Go on—say something,” said Mr. Beaufort Prince, threateningly; “say something *at once*, or I’ll box your ears! Awwwww *have* you ever seen the Princess Alexandrina skating?”

“Ye-e-e-e-s,” faltered the nervous man, in great trepidation, putting up his hands to save his head.

“Yes! And is that all you have got to say about it?” asked the indignant teacher, seizing him by the hair and ears, and lugging both soundly. “Why, I declare you’re a fool!”

“I know I am,” returned Fred, with heaving breast, for unkindness from *her* wounded him deeply, indeed; “I know I am, Mimy; I always said so.”

“No, you’re not,” rejoined repentant Beauty. “I am sorry I said so.” And the impulsive, warm-hearted girl threw her arms round his neck and gave him a kiss. “And you *shall* come to the ball, and I’ll dance with

you myself; only you musn't ask me for the first dance, as mama says I must reserve that for Lord Fitztickles."

Figgins was comforted. Nay, he even thought it would be delightful to have his ears boxed every day on such terms. Of course, he promised everything the girl asked. And so it came to pass that when the interview was over, and he was left alone, so as to be able to reflect—which he never could do while in Beauty's company, for then his soul was in his eyes—he found, to his horror, that he was committed to go to a place where he would be exposed to the danger of being introduced to strange girls who would expect him to talk to them. Nor was this all: he was wholly ignorant of ball-room etiquette. He did not know how to ask a girl to dance; or what to do with her when the dance was over; or which arm to give her when about to take her to her mother, or to cool herself by a promenade, or to refresh herself in the supper-room. He dared not

question Beauty on these subjects, knowing, that though she would be willing to teach him all about it, he could not learn fast enough to please her; so he resolved to ask Higgins. "Higgins knows everything," he said to himself; "I'll ask Higgins."

"Higgins," said he, when he had found that noisy encyclopædia, "Higgins, you know everything. I want you to give me a lesson in ball-room etiquette, please?"

Higgins averred that he knew nothing about ball-room etiquette. "But," he added, laughing maliciously, "*Spriggins does*—Go to Spriggins. If we may believe himself, he is the very axis on which the World of Fashion revolves. The Spirit of *Ton* pervades all he says and does. *He* will teach you the conventional arm with which ladies are to be linked; the conventional salaam with which they are to be bowed to; the conventional glance with which they are to be looked at; the conventional smile with which they are to be addressed; the conven-

tional language in which they are to be asked to dance; and the conventional conversation with which they are to be talked to during the Terpsichorean pauses. Spriggins is your man! Spriggins is as great an authority on female ball-room etiquette, as Mrs. Jocund is on male—Go to Pump Court, Temple.”

Off went poor innocent Figgins to Pump Court, Temple, where the rising young barrister rented a third floor.

The Axis of Fashion was at home.

“You could not have come to a better man than myself,” said the axis, blandly, flattered by the request humbly preferred by Figgins. “There—look at that large basket—that’s full of invitations to balls, dinners, soirées dansante, and musicale, conversations, matinées, and soforth. Having mixed much with society lately, I have acquired—gradually acquired—it is a thing of slow growth—the air and manner of *Ten*. Time was when I spoke and acted in fear and doubt, stopping continually to ask is this

correct, is it conventional, is it *Ton*. But now I am mechanically *Ton*—have an intuitive perception of *Ton*. If I may so say, the Spirit of *Ton* has taken possession of me and speaks through me. Now let us begin our lesson at once, lest some client should come in and interrupt us.”

* * * * *

The pupil was so stupid, that everything he was told one minute he forgot the next. Vainly the indefatigable teacher went over the same ground again and again. It was like ploughing in a quicksand, where the furrows close up as fast as they are cut. Every moment the pupil became more nervous, and therefore more confused and incompetent. At last the Professor of Ball-room Etiquette exclaimed in despair, “What is the use of my trying to teach you, when everything that I tell you goes in at one ear but to go out at the other?”

“I don’t know.” This was said with a look of utter bewilderment.

“Have you no memory?”

“I have a good memory for trifles,” returned Figgins, shaking all over, like one in the ague, “but things of importance I always forget—they make me nervous, and I never *can* recollect anything when I’m nervous. I’m nervous now—please let me go home? I’d like to go home.”

“Go home, now? Nonsense! If you were to go home now, all the time I have spent on you would be wasted. Cheer up, we will begin over again—say you have singled out the lady whom you wish to ask to dance, you summon up The Smile—so [*smiles*], and fixing your eyes on her—so [*fixes his eyes, a proceeding which causes the nervous looker-on to wink painfully*]; approach her with a light, elastic, bounding step—so [*illustrating*]; the body bent forward—so [*illustrating*]; the arms, gracefully stiffened, extended towards the ground—so [*illustrating*]. Carefully abstain from putting your hands under your coat tails, no matter how much you may

feel them to be in your way. Holding yourself thus, you advance, gracefully salaaming—so [*illustrating*]. You advance with the light bounding step, but slowly, in order to give the lady time to recover her presence of mind, should the knowledge that you are about to solicit her hand in the dance have disturbed it, which will often be the case with the young, the nervous, and the inexperienced. When you have arrived within three feet six, or three feet seven inches of her—an inch or two more or less don't make much difference, but three feet six is the average conventional distance—you intensify The Smile, and bowing—so [*illustrating*], address her in the conventional Terpsichorean language (which is, if I may so say, a kind of oral short-hand), jerking out the nouns of flattery, and supplying the omitted parts of speech by Expression and Gesture. Thus: 'Miss Plantagenet' [*addressing an imaginary belle, supposed to be seated near the door, on the look-out for a partner*], 'may I have the honaw? Pleshaw!

Fortunate! Blest!' That is all you need say; her imagination will fill up the ellipses more eloquently than you dare do, otherwise than with your eyes. If she accept you, bow low; assume an expression of beatification, and rush off into conventional conversation, several specimens of which I will write out for you, so that you may commit them to memory. Should the lady be engaged, you assume an expression of melancholy, salaam, say, 'Sorry—hope next time?' and bow yourself away, retreating backwards, and keeping up an expression of profound sadness, until you are lost in the crowd. Should you find the lady disengaged, but complaining of slight indisposition which will compel her, she fears, to sit through that dance, you may take it for granted that she don't want to dance with *you*, and must not ask her again. But you must not let your indignation be seen—that would be ill-bred. You must summon up an aspect of poignant sorrow, express your sympathy in a few well chosen words, such

—but just as an illustration let us suppose it; and let us suppose that I wished to ask you the thirteenth time: I approach you with the light bounding step, salaaming, and with The Smile—so [*comes forward, salaaming, and with The Smile*]; my arms, gracefully stiffened, extended towards the ground a little behind me, with the backs of the hands turned to the front, and my eyes fixed on your face—so [*illustrating*]. When I have got within three feet six inches of you, as nearly as I can guess, I say, ‘Your hand in the Lancers is fondly desired? *Alas! twelve times in vain my poor suit has been prest, yet Hope in my bosom continues a Guest! Oh, say if the thirteenth? Pleshaw! Fortunate! Blest!*’ You will observe that the language is strictly conventional, with the exception of the introduction of the figure *Hope*, which is a slight innovation. You will also observe that the words are artfully arranged, so as to be in rhyme, and taking the figure and rhyme together the result

is, of course, poetry, which, you may remember, I told you, girls like. I have never yet tried this Terpsichorean formula, but I will test it on Beauty at the Gooseshire ball. Stay—before you go, I must practice you in The Smile. Now, fancy I'm a girl, summon up The Smile, approach me with the manner of *ton*, and ask me, in conventional language, to dance. No—that won't do—you musn't look as if you were going to be hanged instead of coming to be blest—don't shamble, walk with the light bounding step—so [*illustrating*]; don't hide your hands under your coat tails as if you had holes in your gloves and were afraid of their being seen; don't turn the palms forward like a soldier on drill, show the backs, sir, the backs. Now smile—Heavens! do you call *that* a smile? Why, that's more like a grin of torture; with some such contortion would a victim of the Inquisition endure the boot, the thumbscrew, the rack, and the hot iron—horrible!"

"Then if that won't do," rejoined the poor pupil, in an ecstasy of despair, "I give it up; for if you were a *real girl* it would be twice as bad. Oh, Bill," he added tearfully, in a rare outburst of confidence, "the only company I care for is woman's company, and I am debarred from that by my shyness. I love the very ground they walk on. I love their soft, sweet, innocent dove-like faces; only I am so shy that I dare not look at them, except in a picture. I love their society—I do! I do! I do! only I am in such a fright all the time lest they should expect me to talk to them. I never dare approach a beautiful girl myself; and when one approaches me, I get a weakness in my legs, and a swimming in my eyes, and a dizziness in my head, and, some way or other, I always run away—I can't help it. If I meet a girl I know in the street, though I am dying to be saluted by her, I can't help pretending not to see her, and thus preclude her from giving

me that which I wish for; and if she persists and calls me, I pretend not to hear; and if she follows and touches me, I pretend not to feel, and calling out 'Oh, I declare I see Tom,' as if the exclamation were drawn from me by the sudden discovery of a friend on the horizon, I rush after this imaginary person, and so deprive myself of the pleasure which I am dying to experience. I know this is all very foolish, but I can't help it. I resolve over and over never to do so again, but when the moment arrives I become confused, and run away mechanically. When I am alone, I sometimes try and fancy that a piece of furniture is a girl, and I find that I can talk to it almost eloquently; but the moment I meet a *real girl* I become confused, and incoherent, and in an agony lest she should say something to me, and so force me to speak to her, or rather, to betray my inability to talk to her—my conversational impotence. In vain I commit soft speeches to memory, I forget them in

the presence of the real girl; and even if I did not, my tongue, paralysed by the lovely presence, would refuse to give them utterance. Oh, Bill, I venerate, I adore the sex; but girls, by expecting me to talk to them, frighten me out of my wits—that is strange girls do, you know. I can get on famously with girls I know, for they never expect me to say anything. And now I feel so nervous and unhappy, for I have promised to go to the Gooseshire ball, which will, of course, be full of strange girls. What would you advise me to do?"

"Go by all means. Your only chance of getting rid of your shyness is to mix much with society. There is one thing I forgot to tell you: It is polite when you are addressing a lady to preface your remark with her name, not only to show that you have not forgotten it, but, as it were, earnestly to beg her attention."

"I shall make some dreadful blunder, I know," sighed Figgins; "I never *can* remem-

ber young ladies' names while the owners are present."

"But names are important; you *must* remember them."

"It is because they are important that I forget them. Important things make me nervous, and when I'm nervous I can't remember anything that I want to. Oh, mine is a most unfortunate memory. Why, it was only yesterday that I was forcibly brought in by a policeman to act on an inquest, and when the coroner, or somebody, asked my name, for the purpose of swearing me in as a juryman, I couldn't think of it, I was so nervous. 'Indeed,' I said, 'I don't recollect it, not just at this moment, perhaps it may recur to me by and by.' 'Sir,' exclaimed the coroner, fiercely, 'either you're a fool or you think I'm a fool; give in your name instantly, or I'll fine you for contempt of court.' Vainly I begged a little time to think what my name could be; he got in a towering rage,

and would have committed me to prison if I had not fortunately happened to recollect that I carried cards on which the forgotten words were inscribed."

"Poor Fig, your's is indeed a treacherous memory. Stop—I have it—a capital plan by which you may get out of the scrape should you unfortunately happen to forget a lady's name at the ball—not only get out of it, but make the slip of memory a means of acquiring for yourself a reputation for ready wit. It is this: Say to the girl whose name you have forgotten, that you make it a rule never to commit ladies' names to memory. She will, of course, inquire your motive for making this extraordinary rule. You at first affect reluctance to give it. She will press you. 'Oh, Mr. Figgins,' she will entreat, 'do tell me before I expire of curiosity.' Then you intensify the smile, salaam, and, in a jocular manner, murmur—you must never speak louder than a murmur to the sex—'The reason, Miss So and

So, that I never commit ladies' names to memory is (you make a rhetorical pause)—is because it would lead to confusion.' She, seized with an exacerbation of curiosity on receiving this mysterious reply, will implore, 'Oh, dooooo tell me, dear Mr. Figgins.' Then you prepare to gratify her: you retort, 'Because—' pause for effect, say twenty-five seconds, then, with a low bow, sweeping wave of both hands—so [*illustrating*], and a facetious manner, add, '*because they are always changing them!*'"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Figgins, "so they are—he! he! he! so they are—that's good!" It was very easy to make poor Fred laugh.

"Yes, I think it is good," returned Spriggins, flattered by the applause; "the *bon mot* will so tickle the lady whose name you have forgotten—if she have any sense of humour—that she will giggle loudly as conventional rules permit, and forgive your slip of memory for the sake of the good thing which it has elicited."

Figgins continued laughing convulsively, though evidently battling with the nervous stimulus which animated his risible muscles. In vain he struggled with the rebellious muscles, for no sooner had he succeeded in bringing them to a state of quiescence, than they again revolted and started off at a greater pace than ever.

"Come, come," remonstrated Spriggins, "that'll do, Fred; you've laughed enough. You spoil a *bon mot* by going on that way."

"I can't help it," returned Fred, hysterically; "when I—he! he! he!—once begin to laugh, I never can—ha! ha! ha!—stop myself. Ha! ha! ha! Oh, dear, oh, dear, I'll burst. He! he! he!"

"Don't say 'burst;' it is a low vulgar expression, only fit for a cad. On second thoughts [*sulkily*] I think you had better *not* make use of my *formula* for covering a slip of memory with regard to a lady's name, for you are certain to put your foot in it, as the phrase goes. I never knew

you yet attempt to mend a blunder without making it ten times worse than it was before. I fear you'll make some terrible error if you use my formula; and I'll get the blame.”

Figgins protested that he would apply the “formula” with such care and discretion as to render a blunder impossible; but the sequel will show that the barrister had just cause for apprehension.

“Mimy has promised to dance two or three times with me at the ball,” said Figgins, with an air of pride. “It is so good of her, for of course everybody will be running after her.”

“Dance with you!” repeated Spriggins, incredulously. “My dear fellow, get that idea out of your head and so save yourself disappointment. She wouldn't dance in public with such a tyro as you—she'd be afraid you'd make a show of her; and, besides, she will have other fish to fry—much bigger fish than you.”

"But she promised," said poor Figgins, looking as if he were going to cry.

"I dare say she did—she promises much more than she performs. She is an impulsive girl, and, doubtless, when she promised to dance with you she meant to keep her word; but when the time comes you will find that she won't—the sacrifice would be too great."

Figgins sighed deeply, hastily thanked Spriggins for the lesson in ball-room etiquette, and departed. When he got home he narrated everything which had occurred at the lesson to Higgins, who, laughing immoderately, expressed an opinion that if Spriggins carried out his intention of trying his new Terpsichorean formula on Beauty at the Gooseshire ball, there would be some fun.

A few minutes after Figgins had turned out of Pump Court, Cornet Spoon of the Xth (the algebraical x representing the unknown quantity) Dragoons turned in.

"How do, old fellow?" he said; "any jokes flying about—thought I heard laughing as I toiled up your three pair. Met Fred Figgins cachinnating on the second landing." The Xth Dragoons boasted themselves to be the chaffiest regiment in the service, and were always on the look out for jokes.

Upon this Spriggins (who, in the belief that an intimacy with this chaffy corps would add to his reputation as a fast man and a jolly dog, had long assiduously cultivated it and pandered to its weakness for practical jokes) entered into an account of the lesson which he had just been giving to Figgins, and betrayed all the poor fellow's secrets: the adoration of the sex, the fear of being introduced to strange girls lest they should expect him to talk to them, and so forth; and suggested that Miss Slangfast, a "jolly girl," should be "put up" to "chaff" the bashful bachelor; and Miss Plant, Miss Benson, and Miss Croker, all "jolly" girls, but not quite so "larky" as Miss Slangfast,

if possible induced to adopt a similar course of conduct.

“Hey!” exclaimed Spoon, picking a small book with a limp green cover off the ground, “Hey! what’s this? A pocket diary, I declare—one of Lett’s. Let’s see what it contains?”

It was the property of Figgins. While the poor fellow was practising by Spriggin’s directions the conventional manner of blowing the nose in a ball-room, he had unfortunately pulled out with his handkerchief the little book in which he registered all his most secret thoughts.

“Oh, Lord! capital fun this is,” ejaculated Spoon, as he glanced over the pages. “Listen to this: ‘Monday morning, thoughts before getting up: How contemptible is the weakness which forces me to fly from the society which I so ardently desire! A little moral courage is all that is required to conquer this bad habit—for it can be but a habit—an effort of the will, and it is done. And

shall I not make such an effort? shall I continue to give way to a demoralising weakness? shall I continue to allow bashfulness to conquer reason? Again, and again, No! Resolved never to do so any more.

* * * * *

‘Thoughts on going to bed : Alas ! I have done it—This weakness is contemptible. How could I be so foolish? It was thus it happened : Saw Miss Q——, at noon, coming out of her papa’s house in Brunswick Terrace. Resolved to accost her. Felt frightened as I approached. “This,” I said to myself, “is foolish! It must be done, Fred! Overcome this demoralising weakness. Make an effort—all it requires is an effort. You are not wanting in moral courage; the quality is latent, develope it.” I followed her, getting more and more weak in my limbs, and shaky all over, and dizzy and confused, as I approached her, but still resolving that I *would* speak to her. Got up close behind

her at Bedford Square. Resolved not to speak to her until some foot passenger should chance to pass by on our side, as it would be so embarrassing to be alone with her. A foot passenger passed by. Observing that it was a satirical-looking male, resolved not to speak until he was out of hearing. When he was out of hearing, remembered that it would be unconventional in me to accost Miss Q——, the rules of *bon ton* requiring that the lady be accorded the privilege of bowing or cutting as she feels disposed. Wondered I did not think of this before. Glad I was not bound to bow first. Wondered if she'd cut me. Hoped she would. Resolved to cough, so as to induce her to turn round and see me, and thereby give her an opportunity for saluting or cutting me. Coughed. She turned round, so suddenly as to upset my nerves and cause me mechanically to expand my umbrella in her face. Of course she couldn't see me through the silk. Reproached myself bitterly for this

cowardly conduct: "This is foolish," I said to myself; "this is contemptible weakness." Resolved to make another effort. Afraid to cough again, lest she might think I was following her. On reflection, thought it would be less awkward to meet her vis-a-vis. Ran round by a back street to intercept her. Came upon her unexpectedly in North-street. Being wholly taken by surprise, mechanically pretended not to see her. She said, "Hoy! stop! Mr. Figgins! Hoy! Hoy!" very loud. Mechanically pretended not to hear her. Heard her coming up behind, calling "Hoy! Hoy! Stop! Mr. Figgins!" Couldn't stop. Thinking it was better to pretend I saw somebody in the distance, called out, "Oh! I see Tom," and set off at a run. She followed. Escaped into the shop of a man who knows me, and has a back door, and got him to let me out that way. On reflection, thought that Miss Q—— must think my conduct very strange. Resolved to return to her and remove that impression. Went

back. Saw her in the shop. Heard her asking the man where I was. Heard him saying that he had not seen me for a week, and that the person who had entered the shop a minute before, was only an apprentice. Not liking to prove the man to be a liar, stole out through the back door, and went home. And now, here in my room, I ask myself, why did I not stop and speak to Miss Q——? I feel no fear now. I cannot understand how I could have been so overcome by *mauvais honte*. But I will overcome this despicable bashfulness—shake off this wretched shyness. I will mix with society—I will go to the Gooseshire Ball—I will talk to strange girls, and acquire a habit of feeling at ease in their society. *Mem:* To ask somebody which arm to give a lady when handing her down to supper; also what to do with her when she has had enough.'

"That's all," said Spoon, laughing. "It was written last night I see by the date.

I'll take the diary with me to the ball to-night, and show it to Miss Slangfast—capital fun that'll be! Adieu. I go down to Aldershot by the special which arrives at twelve P.M. No fun ever at a ball before midnight."

CHAPTER IV.

THE MAIMED NYMPH—THE LADY'S CHAMBER—THE BLOOD STAINS—THE FIGURE IN WHITE—THE GHOSTLY FIRE—THE LUMINOUS LADY—THE RAPE OF THE LOCK—THE SWOON.

WHEN Fitztickle found himself under the blue vault of Heaven with the moon and stars shining serenely down upon him, his courage returned, and he resolved to retrace his steps and make a closer examination into the nature of the phenomenon which he had seen in the Lady's Chamber than his panic had, on the former occasion, permitted.

The grounds, into which looked the windows of that part of the building which contained the mysterious being, about whom so many extraordinary and diverse reports were

current, were separated from the demesne by a lofty wall, but a pine tree grew suggestively close to the stony obstacle. He climbed up the pine, scrambled thence to the top of the wall, and dropped down on the forbidden side, rolling over in the soft clay, and soiling his clothes and hands, but doing himself no other injury. A fountain was beside him; the same fountain which he had seen in the picture. He observed that the marble nymph who presided had been cruelly maimed since her portrait was taken, the graceful right arm with its teeming pitcher being broken off. From the stump now flowed the slender stream, splash, splash, into a circular basin, in which was a depth of water of about twelve inches. Here his lordship proceeded to remove the clay from his hands and face. As he laved, he wondered that the water did not feel cold, for the temperature of the atmosphere was below freezing point; indeed, the ponds in the parks were covered with ice of sufficient thickness

to admit of skating. Feeling thirsty he drank from the nymph's stump. The water made him very sick, though it was tempting to the eye and palate, clear, and sparkling, and sweet.

Without further adventure the window of the room sought was reached, and his lordship observed with surprise, and some little fear, that the sash was open, although he had left it closed. This suspicious circumstance induced him to lock all the doors giving access to the Lady's Chamber from the corridor, and other rooms of the Red Cross wing, a precaution which he had unfortunately neglected on his former visit. When he had secured himself, as he thought, from surprise, he took a survey of the apartment. The curtains of the bed had been again drawn—who could have drawn them?—and from between them proceeded a faint pale light, a ghostly glimmer, like the luminous emanation of a dying glow-worm. Strange sounds seemingly came from the direction

of the bed, unintermitting, but of varying intensity ; sometimes a soft, prolonged, sibilant whisper, like the autumn zephyr sighing among the withered leaves ; sometimes a mournful wail, like the suppressed sobbing of one who waits on death ; sometimes a shriek, such as the terror-stricken might give when the soul had passed away. As his lordship approached the bed he fancied that the atmosphere grew colder, that the temperature fell as he approached it ; the chill struck through to his very marrow. Again he grew nervous ; again a hundred fantastic thoughts shot through his mind ; again a terrible face seemed to gibber and mouth at him out of every dark corner ; again he tried to believe that he was dreaming, and that the ghastly figure he had seen a few hours before was an optical delusion, the phantasm of an excited imagination. His nervousness increased ; his flesh crept ; his limbs bent under him. Memory recalled, unbidden, all the horrible stories which were current about

this room ; and there—yes, there were the dark red stains, said to be blood, on the floor. Something crossed the window, throwing a shadow on the wall. On looking out, his lordship saw a white figure emerge from the fountain and slowly approach him. Fearing that it might be the Apostle, he closed the shutters and put up the bar.

Now or never : he paused for a moment to brace his nerves, then boldly flung back the velvet folds which hung from the plumed canopy of the old-fashioned bed. Revealed by the action was a sight so terrible, that his blood felt as if it were turned to ice, and his flesh to worms. He beheld the figure, seen on his former visit, reclining in the same posture, propped up by pillows, and looking him full in the face. She seemed not to have moved a hair's breadth since ; her eyes gave forth the same lurid glare, and the features were set in the same death-like repose, and characterised by the same death-like pallor.

But there was something else now, something more preternatural, something more horrible ; a lambent flame played about her face, and luminous vapours danced among the plumes on the head of the bed, and wandered about the apartment, gliding noiselessly, the very ghosts of fire, without heat and without the power of shedding light on the objects around them. The wailing sounds continued, and yet the pale lips of the luminous face were closed and motionless. With the courage of desperation, his lordship drew out the scissors he had brought with him and snipped off a lock of the flaxen hair which hung in wild profusion about the luminous face. A wreath of pale blue fire chased the receding hand of the noble thief, as if bent on revenging the rape of the lock, causing his lordship's nerves to collapse. His blood retired on the heart in a tumultuous stream, the valves closed spasmodically, and the organ stopped pulsating. The terror-stricken man tried to fly, but a deadly sickness was upon

him ; his legs yielded, he tottered, reeled forward, and then, with a wild despairing cry upon his lips, fell senseless on the floor.

END OF BOOK I.

BOOK II.

Sir Kaye beheld that lady's face,
And looked upon her sweere;
Whoever kisses that ladye, he sayes,
Of his kisse he stands in feare.

Sir Kaye beheld that ladye againe,
And looked upon her snout; -
Whoever kisses that ladye, he sayes,
Of his kisse he stands in doubt.

What! marry this foule queane, quoth Kaye,
I' the devil's name anone;
Gette me a wife wherever I maye,
In sooth, shee shall be none.

The Loathely Lady.

Sir Henry Starch—you have heard of Sir Henry?—eminent Dublin physician—wrote a pamphlet on human luminosity, describing three remarkable cases in which an evolution of light took place. All the subjects of these cases were in the last stage of phthisis. The light in each case is described as playing round the face, but not as directly proceeding from the surface. In one of these instances, which was recorded by Doctor Onovan—Dublin physician—the luminous appearance was not only perceptible over the head of the patient's bed, but luminous vapours passed in streams through the apartment—just as you described—great similarity between your case and Doctor Onovan's, only yours more marked, more valuable in a scientific point of view—it cannot be doubted that it was here the breath which contained the luminous compound.”

“And to what cause do you attribute the luminosity?”

“To the presence of phosphorus in progress

of slow oxidation ; for it is found that the injection of phosphureted oil into the blood-vessels give rise to a similar appearance. Phosphorus exists largely in the bones, and in smaller quantities in other parts of the body, and, therefore, there must be some special provision for secreting it or extracting it from the food, in which apparatus a morbid action might be set up, causing an inordinate secretion. In cases of phthisis, however, the phosphorus may be generated by the fungoid growth."

"This girl does not look consumptive; there is no hectic flush upon her cheek; on the contrary, it is of a corpse-like pallor."

"The hectic flush often fades away in the later stage of phthisis. Still, she may be free from that particular disease. One thing, however, is certain, that her days are numbered, for the luminosity proves that disintegration has already set in—By-the-by, who is attending her?—what medical man, I mean?"

"None."

"None! Then, pray, exert your influence to have me called in, so that the case may not be lost to science. It is rather irregular, rather unprofessional thus to tout for patients; but my motives are pure; I am urged to make the request from a love of science, and will willingly attend the girl gratis."

"You think her days are numbered?"

"Yes," replied Dash, solemnly; "her hour is at hand, poor girl."

"How terrible it must be to the moribunds themselves this awful sign of approaching dissolution?"

"Very. At such a time the nerves are so shattered, and the element of superstition, however latent it may have been during health, so rampant that the patients cannot be persuaded there is nothing supernatural in the appearance, and their last moments are embittered by superstitious fears."

After a pause of some minutes, Dash inquired how it happened that no physician

had been called in to see this girl, although she was so near dissolution, and must have been dying for some time. Then Fitztickle told the whole of his adventures in the Red Cross wing; how the story attached to the Lady's Chamber had inflamed his curiosity and spurred him on to attempt to penetrate thither; how he had obtained access to it; how he had seen a picture which he first thought was a portrait of the murdered lady; how he had heard certain strange wailing, shrieking noises hovering about the bed; how a colder atmosphere existed there than in any other part of the room, as if a frigid influence were emanating thence; how he had thrown back the curtains and discovered the original of the picture; and lastly, how her eyes had seemed like live coals set in the face of a corpse.

"You are nervous, impressionable, and imaginative, and the power of Expectant Attention on such a constitution is marvelous," said Dash, thoughtfully. "It may

be that the portrait and the blood-stains, in connection with the reports which you heard relative to the Lady's Chamber, induced in you the state known to physiologists as *Expectant Attention*, in which a fiction of the imagination may seem to assume the form and substance of reality. It may be that you did not really see that girl, but only thought you saw her."

Fitztickle pulled out a lock of fair hair, saying, "Having heard you often speak of the State of Expectant Attention, and anxious to prove that the girl was not a fiction of the imagination, I cut off a lock of her hair. Here it is."

Dash examined the hair minutely, and seemed struck by its colour and texture :

"It is nearly as fine as a spider's web," he exclaimed. "A patient of mine with just such hair as this—I never saw any before like it—died at the Blank Hospital a week ago. Mark the colour—white ; and yet not the white of age, a scarcely discernible shade

of yellow proves that it belongs to the species known as flaxen. I am inclined now to think that you did *really* see all you have stated. As to the face painted in the mirror, the likeness to you was, doubtless, accidental. I have already mentioned that luminous vapours playing around a patient's face, are not unknown to pathology. It is odd about the eyes, though—you say they were very bright?"

"They were so remarkable that they unnerved me. Though singularly inexpressive, they were of extraordinary brilliancy, and scintillated with a lustre, such as the eyes of the feline race exhibit when viewed by light thrown at a certain angle. This lurid glare lent a strange expression of fierceness to the countenance, which, except for this peculiarity, was remarkable for repose; the eyes belied the expression of the rest of the face; they seemed like live coals set in the face of a corpse. When I observed that, though her eyes blazed, there was no speculation in them, that their gaze was vacant

and unmeaning, it struck me that she was mad. And yet this would not account for the strange stillness of her person. You know how painful, how almost impossible it is for the will to keep the body perfectly motionless even for a minute, and yet not a muscle of this girl's face quivered while it met my view ; even the rise and fall of respiration was not perceptible, the repose of the figure was as that of death. And was it not odd, too, that she should gaze fixedly at me, and yet her face betray neither fear nor indignation at seeing a strange man in her bedroom at midnight ; and, also, that when I lifted her arm it remained raised, and continued in every position to which I moved it ?”

“ He has described some symptoms which I cannot account for,” said Dash at last, as if in soliloquy. “ This is not a case of ordinary catalepsy, it is probably some new form of so rare a kind that it has not yet come under the notice of the profession.”

"If you wish," said Fitztickle, "I will introduce you to the mistress of the house in which the cataleptical girl resides; but, as she is confined in the left wing of the house, and as access to that wing is denied to every one, it may be some time before you will have an opportunity of seeing her, so do not be disappointed if my introduction does not at once procure you the interview you seek."

"From what you have told me, I gather that the catalepsy has produced, as it too often does, insanity. Why else should the girl be confined during the interval between the fits?"

"My own idea, exactly."

"Poor thing, I might, perhaps, be able to save her yet. I wish I had been called in at an early stage of the disorder. I hope the fits are not the result of organic disease of the brain."

"How is the disease brought on?"

"Whatever diminishes vital power and in-

creases the susceptibility of the nervous system predisposes to catalepsy, particularly the depressing passions, sorrow, anxiety, unrequited affection, intense sustained mental application, religious contemplation carried to excess, table turning, spirit rapping, animal magnetism———”

“Animal magnetism? The lady, in whose house the cataleptic lies, is a great animal magnetiser.”

“Then you should interfere at once, for undoubtedly this dreadful nervous disorder has been produced in the girl by making her the subject of experiments in mesmerism. Such practices bring on catalepsy in its worst form, and the disease when so produced generally terminates in confirmed insanity. Interfere, or let me interfere—the girl may yet be saved if exposed to no further tampering with her nervous system.”

“I shall neither interfere nor let you interfere. I cannot afford to quarrel with the mesmerist, for she is very useful to me.

If you do not pledge me your honour not to interfere, you will lose an opportunity of investigating a very interesting case, for I have not yet told you who the mesmerist is, or where her house is situated—you have no clue to guide you in your search for the cataleptic.”

Dash saw the force of these remarks and resolved to come to terms.

“Only give me an opportunity of seeing this cataleptic,” he said, imploringly, “and I will promise anything. If I can persuade the girl to allow me to take her away secretly—to take her away without compromising you in any way with the mesmerist, you—you will not object?”

“You have my permission to do that—if you can; but perhaps the girl will not go with you. She is probably the sister of the lady in whose house she is confined. My reason for forming this opinion is, that the cataleptic resembles an old family portrait hanging in the room in which I saw her, and the portrait resembles the mesmerist.

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By-the-by, is it not a crime, punishable by imprisonment without fine, to remove a girl under sixteen, from the custody of her guardians, without their consent? Take care, my dear Dash, what you do. I fear you will get yourself into a scrape about this interesting case."

"In the interests of humanity and of science I am prepared to undertake any risk," replied Dash, enthusiastically.

"You and my friend will get on famously together. She, also, is prepared to make any sacrifice in the interests of science. She, also, is of a most enthusiastic disposition. I have seen her declaiming with a vehement eloquence worthy of a Sibyl. She tells me that she often becomes so wrapt up in any subject which she happens to be engaged in, and which interests her, that she becomes quite unconscious of external objects unconnected with it."

Dash pricked up his ears—he thought he had discovered another interesting case.

"It appears to me," he said, "that your friend is predisposed to cataleptic ecstasy; or rather that the disease is just commencing to develope itself. Rigidity of the muscles will soon follow, unless she changes her mode of life. Woman cannot bear intense sustained mental application without injury resulting to her nervous system; her imagination is so easily excited, that when she takes to theological or scientific investigation, she generally goes mad. Faint, indeed, is the line which separates woman's enthusiasm from insanity. Hence it is, perhaps, that Providence has endowed her with a love of trifles foreign to the nature of man—to preserve the balance of her mind which the contemplation of any problem more profound than the trimming of a bonnet never fails to disturb."

"I will not hear the sex run down, Dash. When you make the acquaintance of my friend, the mesmerist, you will confess that she is well adapted for the study of philosophy as of millinery. I know you will like

her, for she is passionately fond of the study of medicine in all its branches, and looks forward hopefully to the time when that profession will be thrown open to women."

Dash was horrified at the idea. He started up, exclaiming—

"Our profession thrown open to women! If our profession is thrown open to women, the lunatic asylums will be filled to overflowing. Already women are forsaking their legitimate occupations to follow those which are unsuited to their excitable temperaments, and already statistics show that female insanity is on the increase."

"You really think that it would be dangerous to throw the medical profession open to the ladies?" said Fitztickle, trying to draw his enthusiastic friend out.

"Unquestionably," replied Dash, with great vehemence. "Their vivid imaginations unfit them for it. In the first place, you cannot make a woman a doctor without making her a hypochondriac also."

“So as the patients do not suffer, the public need not care. Eh, Dash?”

“But the patients *will* suffer. I apprehend the most lamentable—the most alarming consequences, should our profession be thrown open to the women. They will deluge us with universal remedies—each will have a pet remedy which will cure every disease under the sun. They will not hesitate to experiment without mercy on those committed to their care. I tell you there won’t be a constitution or a limb left in the kingdom, in their wild professional enthusiasm, the female doctors will ruin all the first, and cut off all the last. Look at your friend, for instance, already she has produced catalepsy in her sister by the practice of mesmerism, and, undeterred by this, is fast reducing herself to the same state. I would say from your description that she is actually in the first stage of the disease.”

“She may not perhaps have brought it

on herself. Perhaps the disease is in her family. Is catalepsy hereditary?"

"Every disease is hereditary as far as predisposition goes. Nervous disorders are especially so; for they depend on the constitution of the brain and spinal marrow, and these are directly engaged in the great—but I will not bore you with physiology. A predisposition to catalepsy may have been in the family, and yet might never have developed into the disease if your friend had not assiduously cultivated the seed; watered it, I may say, by sustained mental application, and manured it with animal magnetism. Such are the fruits of a woman forsaking millinery, for philosophy—crops of catalepsy followed, by a harvest of insanity."

Dash looking at his watch and finding his time nearly up, asked Fitzickle to decide on an evening for visiting the mesmerist.

"Let it be this evening," begged Dash.
"If we would save the cataleptic, not a

moment must be lost. Disorganization of the brain is to be apprehended if we delay—at present, we will hope the disease is only functional. This evening—let it be this evening.”

“It cannot be this evening—this evening I am going to a ball at Aldershot—the great ball to be given by the Gooseshire militia. Everybody is going—come with us. Don’t shake your head, Dash. Come and you will see the prettiest girl in England—a Miss Jocund. Well, if you *must* run away, let us say *to-morrow evening* for looking up the cataleptic—to-morrow evening I will take you to Ivy Court if you will promise to be discreet. I should tell you that there are strange stories connected with the house, and my friend is, I fear, very unscrupulous. If there is any mystery connected with the cataleptic that my friend is bent on concealing, and she catches you in the Lady’s Chamber, Heaven help you! It is my opinion that you will disappear. The river

runs at the back of the house, and every one knows how well the Thames keeps the secrets confided to it. Remember the contents of the sack found on the pier at Waterloo Bridge !”

“I am not easily intimidated.”

“I do not wish to intimidate you. I confess my curiosity is awake, and I am anxious that you should see the cataleptic. Caution is all that I would impress upon you ; and, above all, don’t compromise *me* in anything you do.”

“How shall I recognise the patient, in case she is enjoying an interval of relief?”

“By two scars on her forehead—scars bearing a remarkable resemblance to the letters E. D.”

Dash started.

“Did you notice any other peculiarities?” he asked.

“Yes, the fourth finger of the right hand is wanting.”

Dash, in great agitation, exclaimed,—

“Great Heaven, I lately knew such a girl; but if it be the same she must have returned to life in some extraordinary manner.”

Fitztickle said that this was not unlikely, for the Apostle of Ozone was reported to be able by her art to resuscitate the dead.

After some further conversation a meeting was arranged for the night following when an attempt was to be made to clear up the mystery.

CHAPTER IV.

THE GOOSESHIRE BALL.—“TOO TIRED”—
“RESTED NOW.”—THE RECKLESS GIRL.—
THE SPIRIT OF THE BALL.—BEAUTY AND
THE ICES.—SIR ROGER.

I DO not know which my heroine thought the most delightful ; the glorious anticipations of her first ball, or the rapture of their realization ; the visits to Mrs. De Monde, and the getting up of herself for the occasion, or the sensation she produced when entering the ball-room, her beauty was revealed by the glare of a thousand lights, carrying chains

and slavery to all the male hearts in the room. "Now recollect," whispered Mrs. Jocund, at this auspicious moment, "when introduced to a parti, neither receive him with a look as if you were going to cry, nor with an hysteric laugh, but with *the Smile*. Don't romp your dances; and no consecutives with any one but Lord Fitztickle. Don't take more than one glass of champagne at supper; and eat very little, no matter how hungry you may be, bearing in mind that nothing is more *mauvais ton* than to appear to have an appetite. And, for heaven's sake don't make enemies for yourself by want of courtesy! I think you had better not dance until Lord Fitztickle arrives; you will be much more likely to make a favourable impression, neat, and fresh, and cool, than tossed, and flushed, and moist."

The ball of the Gooseshire Militia, given in the club-house at Aldershot, was a splendid affair, and the gallant Gooseshires, to their huge delight, were frequently mistaken for

the Rifle Brigade, which was their great ambition. When the regiment was first embodied, the Gooseshire uniform included a handsome crimson sash, but as this served to distinguish them from the Brigade it was discarded, and now the Gooseshire and the Brigade were, to use a vulgar simile, as like as two peas.

Beauty snubbed her gallant hosts because they were only militia ; she turned up her pretty little *nez retrucé* at them ; nay, she even had the audacity to quiz them about their swords and sashes. “ What have you done with your nice sashes ? ” asked the wicked girl of Ensign Bodkin. “ I saw you all with such pretty crimson sashes at the last review. You looked so handsome in them ! ”

The youthful and innocent Bodkin, believing the regret expressed by Beauty at the disappearance of these very handsome military appendages to be sincere, until she chaffed him about his sword ; upon which he left her in disgust.

Hardly had Bodkin left Beauty, when Ensign Noodle of the Gooseshire's approached, and asked her to be his partner. It was the first dance of the evening. She was reserving herself for Lord Fitztickles, who had not yet arrived; and his tardiness had put her in a bad humour. So instead of replying with an air of intense exhaustion, "Pray excuse me; I am, really, Mr. Noodle, too much fatigued," she, with uncourteous brevity, vigourously and snappishly, looking as if she felt inclined to bite his head off, answered, "Too tired." Yes! in spite of all her mama's warnings, answered, "*too tired.*" Fatal indiscretion! It will be seen that retribution shortly overtook her; that these two little words, incredible as it may seem, blasted her prospect, destroyed her peace of mind, and drove her best friend, in an ecstasy of despair, to the burning regions of the equator.

Noodle was in the act of starting various hypothesis to account for her premature exhaustion, and suggesting sundry remedies,

when Ensign Poodle came up, and also asked her to dance. Again she averted her head, shrugged her white shoulders, and pettishly repeated the fatal words.

"It's the journey down—vibration of railway carriage," said Noodle.

"It's heat of room," said Poodle.

"Try a glass of water," said Noodle.

"Or a glass of champagne," said the more knowing Poodle.

At this moment Cornet Spoon, one of the fast and facetious Xth Dragoons, came up with Terpsichorean solicitations.

"She's too tired," said Noodle, answering for her—"vibration of train."

"She's too tired," added Poodle—"heat of room."

"I'm rested now," remarked Beauty. And then, with a parting stare, and a little provoking smile, directed at the two militia officers to whom she had pleaded fatigue, and who were gaping with indignant surprise, she placed her hand on the shoulder of the cavalry

man, and commenced to dance with a spirit and a vigour, and an expression of such intense enjoyment and Terpsichorean enthusiasm, that she was soon the subject of universal remark.

Alas ! why did she persist in thus neglecting her mama's admirable advice ? Why did she not ask herself " How will *this* affect my prospects ? " Had she done so, never, never would she have behaved in such an unconventional and illbred manner ; but, putting a vigorous constraint on her rebellious muscles, which she protested, on such occasions, carried her away in spite of herself, have sat through the dance.

" Upon my soul," said the indignant Poodle, " I never was so treated before in my life ! "

" By Jove, it's the dimdest thing I ever saw ! " said Noodle.

" It's because we're infantry," suggested Poodle.

" She don't know we have got steel scabbards like the cavalry," sighed Noodle.

"And that we volunteered to go out to the Crimea during the Russian war," added Poodle.

"I wish, now, we hadn't left off our handsome crimson sashes," observed Noodle. "What good does it do us—every one knows we're only militia. Bodkin says Miss Croker mistook him for the Rifle Brigade; but no such luck has come my way yet."

"I would consider, Poodle, the little Jocund's conduct a gross insult, if it were not that she has only just come out, and knows no better."

"Ah! poor little rustic. I'll go and warn our fellows not to ask her to dance. She must be taught that she can't insult the regiment with impunity." And Poodle, in a flame of indignation, rushed off to execute his threat.

"Mr. Noodle, Mr. Noodle," called out a lanky spinster of thirty, who was sitting partnerless, glaring malignantly at the dancers.

“Who is that dumpy thing romping in that shameful manner with Cornet Spoon?”

“That?” returned Noodle, with a great affectation of carelessness. “Do you mean the gal on the right, with the figure like a well-stuffed pincushion, and her head wreathed with roses and ivy—quite unsuited to her light muggy complexion—must be a cast-off wreath of her mother’s. That’s a little thing from the country—little Jocund. I wonder Spoon can care to dance with such a bread and butter miss! It’s a shame for her to allow Spoon to hold her so close. But she’s only a child.”

“How could they bring such a chit here. I can almost fancy I am in a nursery instead of a ball-room. Who are the Jocund’s?”

“Oh the Jocund’s live near Brighton—father was some kind of tradesman in a large way—tallow-chandler, or fishmonger, or stock-broker, or banker, or wine-merchant, or something of that kind. Some people say he committed suicide to escape being transported for

forgery, or fraudulent bankruptcy, or arson with intent to defraud insurance company, or something of that kind ; and some people say it was to escape from his wife, who is a termigant ; and some people say the wife murdered him in a fit of passion, or to get the insurance on his life, or something of that kind. Everybody says the daughter takes after the mother—very rude, ill-bred girl—must go and warn my fellows not to dance with her.” And he hurried off on that important mission.

And now all eyes were directed on poor Beauty, who was dancing with a wild enthusiasm which made her blind to the astonishment which her action called forth ; blind to the telegrams of her unhappy mother, who was signalling “ask yourself ‘How will this affect my prospects ;’ ” deaf to the titters which ran round the room ; unconscious of everything, save that she was whirling and twirling round the room in a very delightful manner, with a very good waltzer. She clung

to him, but it was in all innocence. Had her partuer been a woman, she would have danced with just as great verve; and if she liked male partners best, it was because they were stronger in the arms, and therefore could lift her better. So she clung to Spoon as closely as the ivy clings to the oak; and he lifted her in his robust arms as she never was lifted before. At last the music ceased, and Beauty was restored to mama.

"No prospects could stand such conduct," sibilated mama, "you reckless, reckless girl."

"What have I done now, ma?" panted Beauty.

"Done! you are undone, you ungrateful madcap. You were romping instead of dancing—why did you let him hold you so close?"

"In order that he might lift me, ma; he couldn't lift me unless he held me tight. I like to be held tight."

"And silly, silly girl, why did you insult Ensigns Noodle and Poodle? Why will you

continue making enemies for yourself, when your prospects demand an opposite course?"

"Do you think I would dance with a footman, and a militia-man to boot, when I could get a horseman for waiting. Besides, I was reserving myself for Lord Fitztickles."

"It is fortunate, indeed, that he has not come yet, you incorrigible child. Here comes Spriggins to ask you to dance. I insist that you will treat him with courtesy; and, if you are not engaged, either accept him, or sit through the waltz."

"I won't! I won't! I won't!—Oho! Oho!—How you tease me! I'll say cluck, cluck, cluck, out before everybody, ma, if you make me sit." And Beauty began to pout, knowing that her mama, afraid of making a scene, would yield.

"Take your own course then, perverse girl," said Mrs. J., solemnly; "but mark my words, for I feel that they are prophetic, the most dreadful consequences will ensue."

And so they did. The unfilial conduct

of the wicked girl was promptly punished. Take warning young ladies, especially you who are about to make your *debut* in society, by what follows.

Spriggins was twenty-one. He had just been called to the bar, and had chambers in Pump Court, Temple. His great ambition was to be considered a true gentleman, a fast man, and a jolly dog. His power of discriminating gentlemen was great. Indeed, his favourite boast was, that he could smell out a gentlemen. Let us hope the language was figurative. He was very particular about hats, boots, and gloves ; these affording no small aid in the detection of the true gentleman. For though a cad, doubtless, may occasionally be seen wearing a good hat, good boots, and good gloves, the true gentleman, it is well known, is never found with bad ones. Though Spriggins had this extraordinary power of detecting the true gentleman, he, unfortunately, very seldom found him—the world seemed full of cads. Every-

thing Spriggins had was better than that of anybody else. He was constantly impressing this notable fact on his friends; and he usually attributed it to his always dealing with one man of each trade, instead of running from shop to shop. When he patronised a tradesman, he always spoke of him as my own so and so, jeweller, or wine-merchant, or whatever the calling might be; thus asserting a kind of property in the man he patronised, which was only fair, as that tradesman was at once exalted above his brethren, and became better of his kind than any other tradesman in the universe.

Spriggins was generous—nobly, delicately generous; and when he presented a gift, he invariably mentioned the price of it, lest, he alleged, the donee might think it cost more than it really did, and so feel more gratitude than was due. And lest the donee should feel uneasy in his or her—generally her—mind, from the magnitude of the favour, Spriggins seized every opportunity of alluding

to it as "that little trifle," and would even artfully drag it into the conversation in order to depreciate it.

Spriggins, I have said, was desirous of being thought a fast man and a jolly dog, and therefore he smoked and drank a great deal, as fast men must; and he gave fast dinners, at which he sang fast songs, like a jolly dog. He was not member of any club at this time, but he invited every fast man he met, who smelt like a gentleman, to dine with him at the London Dining Rooms, at the corner of Chancery Lane. "My own purveyor, Sawyer," he would say on such occasions, "will give you a better dinner than you could get at any club at the West End."

Now Spriggins was very spooney about Beauty, so he gave Bodkin a dinner at the corner of Chancery Lane, and received in return a ticket for the ball. He arrived just as the orchestra was commencing to play the "Spirit of the Ball," the second dance of the evening,

and approaching the object of his affections with a graceful mixture of the fast man, the jolly dog, and the true gentleman, the arms held stiffly extended, and pointed towards the ground behind the back, so as to throw out the chest to the fullest extent. While the salaam was being made, he said, in conventional language, and with a conventional smile,

“The spirit of the ball is now speaking. Pleshaw! Fortunate! Blest!”

In the manner which fashion affects in Terpsichorean solicitations, Spriggins suppressed the verbs, and filled up the ellipses with Expression and Gesture.

Beauty was engaged, but she would not give him the satisfaction of knowing it; so she averted her head, and said, “Too tired.” Spriggins being too polished—too true a gentleman—to express incredulity at any assertion a young lady might choose to make, so rejoined, briefly, “Sorry—hope next time.” And was about to hurry away

away, when he seemed struck by something on the girl's wrist

"What a pretty bracelet!" he exclaimed. Then starting back in confusion and dismay, he muttered, audibly,

"How stupid I am. I shall never forgive myself. Why that is the little trifle I gave her on her last birthday. I bought it at my own Jeweller's."

"I am sorry now I accepted it. Here—take it back. Aunt Pen said I ought not to accept so valuable a present; and she was right—take it back." And the donee commenced nervously trying to unclasp it.

"Not for worlds would I take it back. Valuable!—it's not valuable—all pure gold, I admit, but still a mere trifle—a poor trifle—only cost fifteen pounds, seventeen and sixpence. Surely you would not think of returning as too valuable a poor trifle which only cost fifteen pounds, seventeen and sixpence—morocco leather case, lined with white satin, included." And the delicately generous

continued whispering to Spoon, leaving Spriggins out in the cold.

“Look here, old fellow,” whispered Higgins, catching Spriggins by the button-hole, “I want to get an opinion from you : Is a man a gentleman who persecutes a girl, when he knows she don’t want to dance with him ? I know you can smell out a gentleman, and therefore must be an authority on the subject.”

“If you interfere with me, I’ll punch your head !” cried Spriggins, furiously.

“And if you annoy Mimy, I’ll punch yours !” returned Higgins, squaring up.

They would, doubtless, have come to blows, for both were greatly excited, if Higgins had not rushed between, while Bodkin seized Spriggins and dragged him off to the supper-room.

The barrister now drank deeply, sallying out regularly at the commencement of every dance to intimate to Beauty that there he was again, and that though his poor suit had been so many times—naming the number

—vainly pressed, Hope in his bosom continued a guest; and still receiving in reply to “Pleshaw! Fortunate! Blest!” the averted head and mendacious “Too tired.”

Supper was over, and morning was breaking, and the rooms were thinning, and the few enthusiastic disciples of Terpsichore who remained were bracing up their nerves for Sir Roger, when Spriggins, as he lifted with unsteady hand a glass of champagne to his lips, said,

“Bodkin, (hic) Bodkin.”

“Yes,” said Bodkin.

“Bodkin, my poor Bod-Bod-” (his speech was broken by hic-coughs, for which I substitute the hyphen) “Bod-Bodkin, this champagne has given me a caw-caw-cawgh—true champagne ought not to have a caw-cawgh in a barrel of it; but this champagne is full of caw-caw-caw—begad, I’m poisoned! Whoever has supplied your mess with this stuff has imposed on you infernally—sent you goose-goose-gooseberry, thinking that, as you

were only mil-militia, you would know no better. But I'll give you an introduction to my own wine-merchant—the fel-fellow who supplied the Johannisberg which you drank the other evening at my own purveyor's—only cost a guin-guinea a bottle—mere tri-trifle—they know they can't hum-humbag me; but they think anything is good enough for mil-militia—even goose-gooseberry. Give me a pinch of salt."

"Why this is Clicquot!" returned Bodkin, in great surprise—"genuine Clicquot. We imported it ourselves."

"Pooh! pooh! it's not click-(hic) o, but the champagne you see advertised in all the daily papers on the eve of the Derby at eighteen shillings a dozen—sample bottles one and eightpence. You oughtened to poison your friends with twenty-penny goose-goose-goose—you know what I mean—which gives a fellow a hic-hio-hio-hic—"

"Cough?" suggested Bodkin.

Beauty looked up at him with the languid smile recommended by mama—she saw that his lordship's eyes were fixed on her with an inquisitive expression—and said,

“Pray, pardon me—indeed I am too much fatigued—pray, excuse me. Please, Lord Fitztickle, go and call mama.”

Lord Fitztickle darted off in search of mama. As soon as his back was turned, the girl's countenance changing became black as Erebus; and when he was out of ear-shot, she continued, in a fierce low voice,

“Go away, Spriggins, go away, sir. Fool! Dolt! Idiot! go away!”

“Slap bang!” replied the jolly Spriggins.

“You are drivelling and drunk, sir; you ought to be in bed. Sot! Sot! drunken sot! go away.”

“I'm a dawg,” observed Spriggins.

“A puppy—a cur—a whelp—a hound—a drunken dog!” cried Beauty, in a burst of uncontrollable indignation.

To this Spriggins demurred, asserting that

he was a "jawly dawg;" and a noisy altercation ensued.

The few enthusiastic disciples of Terpsichore who had remained to enjoy a romp in that most delightful of old country dances—Sir Roger, had formed the opposing lines of sexes, and Beauty was in a state of despair, for she had built many hopes on this dance, and now they seemed about to be frustrated—hopes that she would not have exchanged for the value of a jew's eye, or a king's ransom. She had reserved herself for Fitztickle—he had not asked her yet, and she felt convinced that he would *not* ask her unless she could get rid of her tipsy forensic admirer. A cold shudder ran through her frame as the thought struck her that at that very moment his lordship might be asking a rival—perhaps even Miss Croker. The barrister was now down on his knees before her, holding on by her skirts, and she longed to kick him over. He kept chucking her dress to bespeak her attention, and saying, "Here I am again ! Pleshaw !"

Finding hard language of no avail, and besides, fearing that some ill-natured person might report her to Fitztickle, the distressed damsel tried coaxing—"Please, dear Sprig, *do* go away, I'm too tired, I am indeed—Oh, here's mama! She'll tell you I'm tired. Oh, mama, I am so glad you are come—tell him I'm tired, he won't go away!"

"Indeed, William," asserted Mrs. Jocund, in her most winning voice, "my darling is very much fatigued—quite ready to drop, I assure you—she's not as strong as she looks."

"Ish the lash dansh, the lash dansh," urged this pertinacious party—"Sixteen times, this evening, my poor shoot has—ah, vainly—been phresht; yet Hope in my bushom continues a guesht!"

"I'm too tired," reiterated the worn-out Terpsichorean, tearfully.

"One turn! oh, recall that too tired!" urged the suppliant.

"I'm too tired."

"You said that before." He put up his

hands in an attitude of piteous entreaty, thereby raising her dress, the skirt of which he continued to hold, either as a support, or to prevent her from running away. A titter ran round the room, causing the girl's bosom nearly to burst with suppressed rage, and thereby straining her stays until the lace broke.

"You'll tear my dress, sir! I could not dance another step to-night—indeed, I could not. I can hardly stand upright, I am so tired. Oho! oho! how you tease me!" she whimpered.

"Jawly dawgs are now spinning," urged Spriggins, as an inducement.

"I'm too tired."

"Seventeen times my poor shoot has—ah, vainly—been pressed."

"Because you always happened to ask me when I was too tired," explained she.

"Yet Hope in my bushom continues a guesht," added he, with the same indomitable spirit.

"Well, I'll dance the next dance after this one with you," said Beauty, hoping to get rid of her persecutor by an innocent artifice. But Spriggins was not so to be got rid of.

"Thish ish the lasht dansh," he informed her.

Everyone in the room, with a very few exceptions, enjoyed poor Beauty's humiliation. Her charms had raised her up enemies in the women; her want of courtesy in the men. She had even succeeded in alienating the once ardent regard of the gallant Spoon; who, with the choicest spirits of his facetious corps, was now sniggering at poor Spriggins pressing his "shoot," and declaring that he thought it capital fun, and calling on the major, who was the regimental authority on the subject, to pronounce an opinion as to whether the "shoot" might not fairly be considered a joke.

"Shall I sing you a jawly song?" asked Spriggins, thinking, perhaps, that the least thing Beauty could do in return, would be

to grant his "shoot". Then, without waiting for a reply, he went on "Shllap, bang, here I am again! here I am again! here I am again! For I always am so jawly, O! jawly, O! jawly, O! wsaat a jawly dawg am I! With my tra-la-la! tra-la-la! as I go marching on."

In the excitement of the moment he started up, clasped the object of his solicitations round the waist, and, before she could offer any resistance, whirled her "down the middle" of the opposing lines of sexes. Then remembering that she had not yet granted his "shoot", and that the true gentleman never takes by force what should be won by entreaty, he stopped short, and again flung himself at her feet in an attitude of prayer—"A dawg in my bushom sthill ish a guesht," he said, his mind in a state of great confusion; "no thash not it—whash ish it?—no masher." Upon which the chaffy Spoon taking a mean advantage of a slip of the tongue, asked, mimicking Beauty's voice, "If the dawg was a wicked dawg, if there

was any danger of its making its escape from the bushom," and so forth. The barrister, thinking his mistress was quizzing him, reproachfully told her that it was only a "lapsish—whash ish it—no masher;" and as his eyes were running over with wounded feelings, he raised her skirts to wipe them, thereby causing several elderly spinsters to scream out "Oh!" and cover their faces with their hands, so outraged were their modesties by what they saw.

"I'm going to faint!" said the persecuted belle, piteously; "Oh dear!—somebody—I feel so weak."

Her suitor urged her to try some more champagne; it was, he asserted, a sovereign remedy for "syn-syncope," and "ish sthillely unwired."

"Then go and get me some," murmured the ck-witted girl, grasping at an idea which promised to relieve her of her incubus; "go get me some, instantly, and bring it e cloak-room, where you'll find me lying

on the sofa in a swoon—I'm so weak you'll find me in a faint, I know."

Bent on procuring the specific without a moment's delay, and at all hazards, Spriggin danced off towards the supper-room in a zig-zag fashion, cannoning against several persons on his way, over-turning Ensign Poodle and Noodle, and creating the greatest confusion and dismay. At last he ran plump into the arms of Bodkin, who was conversing with half a dozen of the Goose-shire ball committee. These he reproached in bitter terms, informing them that Miss Jocund was "unwired," and attributing this calamity to her being poisoned by the "goose-goose-goose—" they knew what he meant—the thing they called "click-click-click—" they musn't laugh, or he'd punch their heads—"Der-Derby champagne, sample bottles one and eightpence." They were "a parcel of screws and slow dawgs," and "certainly not true gentlemen." Here, being seized with

a consciousness of the urgent nature of the errand on which he had been despatched, he staggered off towards the supper-room, followed by Spoon, who acted as a kind of body-guard to prevent anyone from laying violent hands on the origin of this very capital fun, and so prematurely ending it.

Various were the artifices Spoon resorted to, to save Spriggins from being expelled from the ball-room; he begged and bullied by turns, entreated and threatened, reasoned and promised. "Have patience," he kept saying; "do not make a scandal, and I will undertake to get him away quietly in a short time." In a few minutes Spriggins returned in the same zig-zag fashion to the ball-room, still followed by Spoon; Spoon deprecating interruption, and begging irascible old gentlemen to have patience and not to make a scene.

The barrister went peering about the ball-room, singing,

“Shepherds tell me have you,
 Ha-a-a-ave you see-een,
 Ha-a-a-ave you seen my
 Flora pass this way?”

You’ll know her by the i-ivy leaves in her chig-ig-non,” he added. “Show me the sofa on which she lies in a state of syn-syn-syncope, with her lovely ey-eyes, so lately fired by Ter-Ter-Terpentine, closed, and her light fantastic toes, which so recently distinguished themselves in Ter-Ter-Terpentine—no—Ter-Ter-Terpsichorean figures, languidly turned to the ceiling. Oh, where is my angel so tired?”

“Oh Lord! capital fun this is,” cried Spoon, convulsed with laughter; “come Spriggins, I’ll show her to you—See, there is your angel so tired;” and, taking the anxious seeker up to the double row of opposing sexes, he pointed out a young lady, whose robust charms were swelling and panting in the lusty arms of Lord Fitztickle, her eyes sparkling, her countenance expressive of un-

flagging energy and indomitable spirit, bounding "down the middle" with the activity of a chamois, and exclaiming, "No, my Lord, I never, never, never *can* be tired."

"That's her," said Spoon.

"Impossible," returned the barrister, indignantly; "I know she's in a fai-faint somewhere—she told me I'd find her in a swoon—syn-syn-syn-copetic on a so-sofa." The robust young lady, alleged to be Beauty, now faced about to take up her position at the end of the row, and he could no longer doubt her identity. His aspect of mutterable astonishment, as he stood collapsing with the two bottles of champagne in his hand, gradually changed to one of ludicrous misery, and, beating his "bushom," or Hope, that lingering "guesht," had at last departed, he sobbed, "Unforshunate lawg! unforshunate dawg! Here I am again, maudlin tears trickled down his cheeks,) but a doleful dawg am I. Oho! oho! oho! (he gave way freely to his sorrow) oho! oho! a

doleful dawg am I." His dismal countenance and Beauty's look of dismay—she was asking herself, how would this affect her prospects—was more than the laughter-loving Xth could stand; they silently choked in their pocket-handkerchiefs for a few minutes, and then, their convulsions becoming too violent to be repressed with safety, exploded in a yell of laughter, and the whole room catching the infection, was soon in a roar. Beauty managed to force a laugh; but it had more of misery than mirth in it. Spoon and Bodkin seized Spriggins and dragged him out of the room, and then Sir Roger was recommenced with great spirit.

"What were you going to say, my Lord," panted Beauty, as she flew "down the middle" at the rate of twelve miles an hour, "when that foolish boy interrupted you?"

"I do-on't re-mem-ber," jerked out his lordship, spasmodically, for the tremendous pace was killing him. His lungs were acting *per saltum*.

"You said, 'Ah, if I only were,' and then you stopped—*were what?*"

"Were twenty years younger," gasped his lordship; "that was all I was going to say."

"And if you were twenty years younger, what would you do?" And Beauty pressed his hand softly again—the least little squeeze imaginable—so as to leave it doubtful whether the pressure was the result of accident or design.

The old fox, thus pressed, doubled, and tried to throw her off the scent. "I was going to say," he replied, "that if I were only twenty years younger, I would not be obliged to ask you to go a little slower. I am ashamed to acknowledge that I am quite exhausted."

But Beauty was not to be thrown out by such a shallow artifice; she paused but for a moment, ere she was again in full cry. "That was not what you were going to say," murmured she, reproachfully. "If you were only twenty years younger you would—*would what?*"

"If I were only twenty years younger [slowly, looking round for an earth]—only twenty years younger I would—would—I mean nobody but myself should—should—" He stopped; perhaps he remembered that her temper was as yet a sealed book to him.

"Should?" repeated Beauty; "go on, *should* what?"

"No matter," and Reynard sighed; "I never *can* be twenty years younger, so why should I dream of bliss which can never be realized. You are but a child."

"Seventeen, my last birth-day," rejoined Beauty with bold mendacity, for she knew not that her mother's sharp ears were drinking in the dialogue; that Mrs. Jocund, nearly in a fit with impotent rage, was shaking her fist, furtively, at her ungrateful nursling, and resolving to send a certified copy of the parish register to Fitztickles forthwith.

"Only seventeen!" returned his lordship; "why, I am old enough to be your grandfather!" It was thus that the old fox was

wont to repel the attacks upon his celibacy of desperate young spinsters endeavouring to urge him to a premature proposal. Finding Beauty pressing him so hard, and fearing that she might actually go the length of proposing for him herself, he cut short the colloquy by pointing out mama, and leading the unwilling girl thither.

Going down to the cloak-room, Mrs. J.'s prophetic soul spoke thus,

“Mark my words, Jemima, for I feel that hey are prophetic, *your offences committed his evening against good breeding, will turn up against you yet in some remarkable way. You have not yet heard the last of ‘Toooooooooooooo ired.’*”

“I won’t be mimicked, ma,” rejoined Beauty, petulantly. “Oho! oho! how you ease me.”

On turning away her head with a *mouè*, he met Fitztickle’s eyes fixed upon her in grave surprise. His lordship, seemingly disconcerted at being detected noting her temper,

commenced whispering rapidly about her escapade in the supper-room, and jocularly asking for some reward for having warned her to "lie close."

CHAPTER V.

FIGGINS MEETS MISS SLANGFAST; HIS DISMAY AND FLIGHT—HE IS INTRODUCED BY SPOON TO MISS PLANT AND MISS BENSON, AND GETS ON AMAZINGLY—HE IS INTRODUCED TO MISS CROKER; UNFORTUNATELY FORGETS HER NAME, AND ATTEMPTS SPRIGGINS' "BON MOT" TO COVER HIS SLIP OF MEMORY: TERRIBLE CONSEQUENCES ENSUE—HE IS PERSUADED TO PRACTISE THE SMILE AND THE CONVENTIONAL MANNER UPON THE REAL GIRL: LAMENTABLE RESULTS FOLLOW.

MEANTIME how fared Figgins among the strange girls at the Gooseshire Ball? He got on very well during the early part of the evening; but after supper he observed many unknown fair ones become bold in their demeanour, giggling when he passed,

and eyeing him with a look which seemed to say, "Talk to me."

At last, one very forward young lady, Miss Slangfast, summoned up courage, and in defiance of the rules of etiquette, for she had never been introduced, addressed him thus,

"Fig, come and talk to me." She said it in the most familiar manner, as if she had known him all her life, and, Heaven knows, he never saw her before in his life. "Fig, come and talk to me," she repeated, with a bewitching smile, seeing he hesitated; "come and say something to me, like a dear, if it be only to tell me that you love me!"

Fred's heart was in his mouth. He would have given ten years of his life to be able to pause and gratify this lovely creature. But he couldn't; an irresistible something impelled him to an opposite course, forced him to look in quite another direction, and dart away, pretending that he had not heard the soft request. He stopped not until he reached

a secluded corner, and was exulting in the thought that here at least he would be safe from conversational overtures, when a soft touch on his elbow induced him to turn round, and, to his utter amazement and dismay, he found himself face to face with the strange girl who had so ardently expressed a desire for his conversation.

“Sir,” said she, with her handkerchief to her eyes, “I see you despise me for violating conventional rules by dispensing with the *Introduction*, and are shocked at my overstepping the bounds of conventional maidenly reserve by following a bachelor—you’re a bachelor I know by your face—into a corner. Of course, under ordinary circumstances, it is very wrong for a spinster—I’m a spinster—to follow a male celibate into a corner; but I was so anxious to set myself right in your eyes, and to explain my conduct in dispensing with the *Introduction*, that I resolved, at all hazards, and in defiance of Mrs. Grundy, to seek you in your retreat.

You must know that I had heard from a mutual friend of your passion for the sex—”

“Oh, dear! oh, dear!” exclaimed Figgins, blushing deeply, and in great distress; “who could have told you that?”

“Your love of their society,” continued this strange girl, stifling her sobs in her delicately embroidered handkerchief—

“Oh, my! oh, my! I’ll run away,” faltered Fred, trembling with agitation.

“Your admiration of their dove like faces,” added the Weeping One, catching him by the button-hole as if to prevent his escape; “and anxious to form the acquaintance of a man who has such a just appreciation of the sex, and hear what he has got to say about us; and knowing that his bashfulness prevented him from seeking us, I dispensed with ceremony—eschewed form—cast etiquette to the winds—and *here I am entreating that you will talk to me!*”

Now Figgins could never talk when he ~~was~~ taken by surprise; and now, driven to despair

by the consciousness that it would be impossible for him to do that which he was asked, he tore himself from the fair hands which held him, and bolted.

After this incident he became so nervous that he fancied himself the cynosure of all the young ladies' eyes in the room ; and when a girl rose from her seat for any purpose he fled, believing that she was coming to speak to him ; and so he kept darting from room to room in a state of indescribable misery.

During one of his migrations he saw Spoon and the major laughing immoderately, apparently in search of some one. "Oh Lord! Oh Lord! capital fun that will be. Where can he be?" Spoon was saying. Figgins felt a presentiment that they were looking for him. His foreboding was presently realized, for, with a shout of triumph, Spoon rushed up and seized him, crying out, "Here he is, major—I have him—Isn't this a joke? Ha! ha! ha!"—laughing, for the regimental authority had chuckled an affirmative.

"Fig, my boy," said Spoon to the prisoner, "you're in luck, all the nicest gals in the room are dying to be introduced to you, and have sent self and major in quest of you. How *do* you do it—by what charm do you attract them? Come along, you fortunate dog—don't struggle—it's useless to resist. When a lady asks to be introduced to a gentleman, the ceremony *must* be consummated. To refuse would be to insult the whole sex—conduct of which I know you are incapable—so come along. As your particular friend, I must *insist* on the introductions taking place." And, despite a desperate resistance, he hurried the bashful Figgins, shrinking and sinking with shame, into the presence of a cloud of muslin. A cloud of muslin was all Figgins' swimming eyes allowed him to see; but he had an inward consciousness that it enveloped an angel fit to grace a celestial throne—a houri whose charms would qualify her for admission to the very highest heaven in the Moslem Para-

disse, or even to the sacred shade of Brigham Young's roof-tree.

"Miss Plant," said Spoon, addressing this celestial body, "'low me introdooce my friend Fred Figgins, known among the ladies, from his wonderful conversational powers as 'The Agreeable Rattle.'" [*Introducing them.*] "The Agreeable Rattle—Miss Plant: Miss Plant—The Agreeable Rattle." [*To Figgins, sotto voce:*] "Now, old fellow, sustain the character which I have, in kindness, sketched for you, and don't convict your friend of falsehood. Say something pretty at once—everything depends on first impressions—What are you whispering about? Why did I say that you had great conversational powers? Well, because when a young lady is led to believe, at starting, that a man can talk well, her imagination will point whatever platitudes or inanities he may utter. Miss Plant believes you now to be an agreeable rattle, and she will continue to deceive herself for a long time, if you will only keep the

ball of conversation rolling—no matter how feebly. Talk glibly, man; quantity not quality is all they care for—go on—*say something.*”

Figgins was thrown into such a state of consternation by the deceit practised on Miss Plant, that he could not get out a word. She smiled sweetly on him. He blushed and looked guilty in return; for he knew that he was obtaining her smiles on false pretences—knew that they were the tribute paid to the character of “The Agreeable Rattle.” He felt that it would be positively dishonest to go on receiving what was intended not for him, but for a myth of Spoon’s creation; that he would be a rogue, a cheat, a thief, if he did not immediately undeceive her; and he trembled when he thought how great her disappointment and resentment must be, when she found how grossly she had been imposed upon.

There was a dreadful pause—a pause of deep silence! The instruments were all

hushed ; conversation had ceased ; everybody and everything seemed waiting to hear what Figgins would say. Miss Plant had the Conversational Expectation painted vividly on her countenance.

“*Say something, Fig,*” urged Spoon in a whisper ; “say anything.” Then the wretch, turning to the lady, as if called on for an explanation of his friend’s reticence, said, aloud, “Genius always shy at first, Miss Plant. When the ice of bashfulness is once broken, my friend’s eloquence will bubble up and gush forth from the well of Fancy in a perennial stream !”

“Oh, I do *so* love Genius !” exclaimed Miss Plant, darting a coquettish glance at Figgins.

The honest fellow gasped for breath, and then out came the fatal admission. “I’m only a fool,” he said ; with difficulty restraining his sobs.

“Ha ! ha ! ha !” laughed Miss Plant ; “why did you not tell me, Mr. Spoon, that your

friend is a humourist as well as a genius—
 ‘only a fool!’ Ha! ha! ha! How witty!
 how good! how clever!”

“Gad, she thinks it’s a joke, Fig!” whispered Spoon; “lucky dog that you are, everything turns out to your advantage, and you gain a character for wit without any trouble. If I were to say I was a fool, she would not think it was a joke at all. Say something else—go on—keep it up.”

But Figgins shook his head despondingly, and, taking advantage of Spoon’s grasp being loosened, escaped.

The good-natured cornet was beside the truant in a moment, whispering consolation. “Rome was not built in a day,” he said. “You *shall* be an accomplished lady’s man before the evening is over. Oh, here’s Miss Benson—she wants to be introduced to you too. [*To Miss Benson:*] Miss Benson, ‘low me introdooce my talkative friend Figgins, known among the ladies as ‘The Delightful Chatterbox.’” [*Introducing them.*] “Miss

Benson — The Delightful Chatterbox : The Delightful Chatterbox—Miss Benson."

"Oh, Mr. Figgins," cried the volatile Miss Benson, rushing off into conversation the moment the introduction was complete, "what is your opinion on things in general?"

Feeling himself wholly incompetent to cope with this comprehensive question, Fred smiled weakly, shook his head feebly, and—bolted.

"You're improving," said Spoon, again taking the runaway captive—"decidely improving. See, there is Miss Croker, the belle of Brighton, beckoning us—no use in resisting, so come along; the sex's commands *must* be obeyed—here we are." [*To Miss Croker :*]

"Miss Croker, 'low me introdooce my talkative friend Figgins—great admirer of your sex—loves the very ground you walk on—ambition to look upon your dove-like faces."

"Oh, I'll run away!" said Figgins, in an ecstasy of outraged modesty.

"Excuse his bashfulness," apologised Spoon, "Genius always bashful at first. Besides,

During this dialogue, Spoon kept telegraphing to Miss Croker that his friend was coming out, and that his extraordinary conversational powers might be expected to be developed shortly; and expressing in whispers to Figgins, admiration of the improvement, and referring triumphantly to the prediction made by him, Spoon, in the early part of the evening, that he, Figgins, would be an accomplished lady's man before the evening was over.

"Isn't she lovely?" whispered Figgins to Spoon, in an ecstasy of admiration. "If she wasn't so pretty I could talk to her better!"

"What does he say?" asked the belle.

"He says—" commenced the perfidious Spoon.

"Oh don't, please!" entreated Fred in an agony of shame, endeavouring to put his hand over the cornet's mouth with a view to stop the revelation of the secret; "don't mind him, I didn't say it at all, indeed."

"He says he adores the very ground you

walk on," shouted Spoon, embellishing and amplifying his friend's words; "that you are the most beautiful girl he ever beheld; that he loves to look into your dove-like eyes; and that he could talk to you better if you were not so charming!"

Miss Croker coloured, looked annoyed, and then laughed. As for Figgins, he made a desperate but unsuccessful attempt to bolt.

A long pause.

Spoon, in despair, kept whispering to Fred that "this kind of thing won't do, you know," and, "you must say something, you know—keep the ball rolling, you know," until, goaded to a state of desperation, and remembering Beauty's lesson, Figgins stammered in great confusion,

"Do you ska-ate, Miss Poker?"

Spoon looked shocked; and the belle, drawing herself up to her full height, returned with *hauteur*,

"I don't skate, sir; and my name is not *Poker*, but Croker—Cro-ker."

"Genius always forgetful," apologised Spoon.

"Genius," retorted the belle, pretending to be much offended, "might at least condescend to make some excuse for such a gross error."

Figgins now grew so nervous, that his memory became absurdly defective—in fact, almost quite gone.

"Indeed, Miss Crocus," he stammered, "I didn't say that—that is not *all* that—I don't think I said anything about your dove-like eyes. Oh dear! oh dear! I want to go home—let me go home—I only said—I—I forgot what I said, Miss Crocus."

"Crocus!" exclaimed the belle, with a fresh burst of indignation—"why, I declare you have forgotten my name *again*—Crocus, indeed! My name is Croker, sir—C-r-o-k-e-r [*Spelling it for him*]—Croker."

"Genius always poetical!—Perhaps he meant Snowdrop," suggested the gallant Spoon, rushing again to the rescue of his

silent friend—"Crocus and Snowdrop come up together, you know—association of ideas, hence mistake. He *did* mean Snowdrop; I see it in his face—pretty idea, *la belle* Snowdrop."

"I wish you'd let him speak for himself," rejoined the belle, with a pretty affectation of pettishness.

"Say something," whispered Spoon, nudging the delinquent. "Stick to the Snowdrop theory—pretty idea."

Figgins suddenly burst into a fit of uproarious merriment.

"Are you laughing because you have forgotten my name?" asked Miss Croker, playfully, frowning and shaking her fan at him—"How very shocking!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Figgins—"I can't help it. Whenever I begin to laugh I can't stop myself—I—He! he! he!—forgot your name on purpose—no, that's not it, but I—Ha! ha! ha!—Oh dear, I'll burst—I had a reason for not recollecting it—Oh, a capital

reason—Ha! ha! ha!” [*Convulsive cachinnation.*]

The reader has, doubtless, guessed the cause of this extraordinary burst of merriment. Figgins was about to put in practise the artful expedient devised by Spriggins to cover a slip of memory with regard to a maid’s name—the artful expedient by which the slip might not only be covered, but made a means of securing for the Slipper a reputation for ready wit. As ill-luck would have it, however, the poor fellow—famous for always making his blunders worse by attempting to mend them—had taken it into his head, that the forensic wit’s “formula” was like an algebraical formula, which must have definite quantities substituted for the indefinite ones when it is to be applied in practice. Accordingly, he proceeded to substitute in Spriggin’s “formula” the words “*your name,*” for the words “ladies’ names.”

“And, pray, what may your reason be for not recollecting my name?” asked the

belle, smiling, and tapping him, coquettishly, with her fan.

“ I have—Ha ! ha ! ha !—beg pardon, but can’t stop myself—made it a rule not to—He ! he ! he !—not to commit your name to memory—Ha ! ha ! ha ! ”

The belle looked at Spoon, inquiringly, and the gallant cornet, in reply, suggested as an explanation and apology, “ Genius always saying what nobody can understand.”

“ Dear me, Mr. Figgins, how unkind,” said Miss Croker, laughing. “ It makes me quite unhappy to learn of the existence of a rule which forbids my poor name a nook in your memory. Why so cruel ? ”

“ I’m not cruel ; but I feared it might lead to confusion,” cachinnated Fred.

“ How mysterious !—What lead to confusion ? ”

“ The committing of your name to memory.”

“ Why, how could it lead to confusion ? ”

“ Oh, I couldn’t tell you,” returned Figgins, affecting reluctance.

"Do, please—Is it funny? It must be, you laugh so much."

"Oh, it's awfully funny—but it's not my own," added the honest fellow; "it'll make you die of laughing when you hear it—but you mustn't ask me to tell you!"

"Oh, I must!"

"Oh, don't!"

"Oh, tell me at once, or I shall expire of curiosity before your eyes!"

This was the time indicated by Spriggins—this was the precise time when the "*bon mot*" was to be fired off.

"Well, then," said Figgins, "if you *must* know, it's because—" He made the rhetorical pause, as directed by the author of the jest.

All the Xth Dragoons, attracted by Figgins's laughter, had gathered round Miss Croker's chair, anxious to discover what joke was on the *tapis*; but Figgins saw them not; nor did he see that Lord Fitztickle and Beauty had taken up a position immediately

behind him, and were listening attentively, and evidently much amused by the scene. He did not see them, for his whole soul was engaged in arranging the "*bon mot*" which was to convulse Miss Croker with laughter, and cause her to forgive his blunder about her name for the sake of the good thing which it was the means of eliciting.

"Because what?" asked Miss Croker, casting a sly look round the circle, of which her chair was the centre, that seemed to say, "See how cleverly I am drawing out this extraordinary character for your amusement." "Because what?" she repeated.

"The reason is," replied Figgins, choking and sputtering—"you'll die of laughing, I know—the reason that I don't commit your name to memory is—is because—because you want to change it—he! he! he!—are trying so hard to change it—ha! ha! ha!—to change it, everybody says, to Fitztickle—Lady Fitztickle—ho! ho! ho!—Oh dear, I can't stop myself—why, you don't laugh!—

you don't see the point of it!—don't see that if I were to stamp your maiden appellation indelibly on my memory, I'd be calling you Crocus, or Poker, or whatever your name is, after you had changed it to Fitztickles, which would lead to confusion—great confusion—don't you see it *now*?—why everybody sees it but you—how odd!” He gazed at her earnestly, and, to his great astonishment, could detect no mirth in her countenance. Something very, very different ~~was~~ there. He saw the blood rush to her neck and forehead, and then retire leaving her deadly pale; he saw her vainly endeavouring to steady her trembling lips by clenching them between her teeth; he saw two large drops gather in her eyes. For a few moments the poor girl struggled gallantly to master her feelings and regain her self-possession, striving to force a smile, while her hands mechanically sought to hide the heavings of the tell-tale bosom. Then, as she caught Beauty's look of exultation, her

pride gave way; the corners of her mouth turned down, and she burst into tears. Figgins wept too when he saw the sad effect which his words had produced, and for which he was wholly unable to account. "I didn't mean anything," he sobbed; "I wouldn't say or do anything wilfully which could give you pain."

"I know you are incapable of originating the insult," said the girl, bitterly, recovering her composure by a great effort, "or even of understanding its meaning; so now I will forgive you if you make the *amende honourable*, and tell me *who* it was that put the words into your mouth?"

Spoon, being at bottom a good-natured fellow, sorry for what had occurred, and anxious to terminate the painful scene, having failed to turn the matter into a joke, by observing, "Genius always saying what it don't mean," now released Figgin's arm, and the liberated prisoner made off as fast as he could.

"Stop, sir!" cried Miss Croker—"stop and tell me to whom I am indebted for what has taken place—which is it, *to Miss Jocund, or to Miss Jocund's mama?*"

But the question, far from stopping Fig-gins, added wings to his flight. The belle, with a haughty glance of defiance at Fitz-tickle and Beauty, accepted the proffered arm of the gentleman to whom she was engaged for the quadrille then forming, and, with an affectation of gaiety—a very poor affectation, indeed—took her place in the dance.

"By Jove!" whispered Spoon, shortly after, to his bashful friend, "you *are* coming on famously. You have but to render yourself proficient in The Smile and The Conventional Manner, and you will be a perfect lady's man—what you have tried already, and failed—oh, I know all about that—Spriggins told me—but when at once you don't succeed you must try again, you know—Rome was not built in a day, you know! The billiard-room is empty, I'll give you

a lesson there, and then you shall return to the ball-room, and practice what you have learned on all the nicest girls in the room!"

Space does not permit me to follow Figgins through his subsequent adventures, and, indeed, it would be painful to record them—painful to tell how completely he failed to reproduce in the ball-room the graces which he had practised successfully in the billiard-room on the Imaginary Girl. Alas! in the presence of THE REAL GIRL he lost all control over his nerves and muscles: The carefully cultivated Conventional Glance changed to a wild idiotic stare; The Smile, to a ghastly grin of nervous agony; and The Conventional Manner, to an aspect of horrible menace. The most lamentable results followed: one nervous young lady was so frightened by The Smile, that she was carried out of the room in a fit; and another was so alarmed by The Conventional Manner, that she took refuge behind her mama, and was rendered wholly incapable of saying whether she skated or not.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SEANCE—THE MOTIONLESS FORM UNDER THE SHEET—THE DEAD RECALLED TO LIFE—THE RELATIVE COST OF TOUCHING UP, RENOVATING, AND MAKING BEAUTIFUL FOR EVER—THE DISADVANTAGES ATTACHED TO THE TOUCHING UP PROCESS—PASSION AND DESPAIR—ENAMELLING, PALE POWDER OF COMPLEXION, ESSENCE OF CIRCASSIAN BEAUTY, CANTHARIDES AND MACASSAR OIL.

At the very time that Figgins was watching my lord bungling over the cloaking of Beauty's lovely shoulders, my lord was paving Mrs. Jocund's way to Ivy Court.

"It is whispered," said Fitztickie, as he fiddled with the clasps of the muffling, "it is whispered that there is now residing near London a woman of extraordinary knowledge—a woman who has made discoveries

in chemistry, electricity, and animal physiology, of the most startling kind—”

“I am not surprised to hear it,” interrupted Beauty, pertly, “for if it was not for the jealousy with which you men keep us in the background, *we* would be the *greatest* inventors and discoverers of the age.”

“I have no doubt you would,” replied Fitztickle, laughing. “The acumen which your sex brings to the elucidation of the hidden is very remarkable.—Even the secrets of nature would not be safe from you. But, I suppose Miss Clarisse Sanslim is irrepressible. She has already thrown all male discoveries, ancient and modern, into the shade, by solving the great problem of life—finding out the true nature of the *element of decay* in the *organic kingdom*, and a means of *eliminating* it, or at least modifying it, so as to prolong life to an unknown extent. Many eminent, scientific men, are her disciples.”

“How does she do it?” inquired Mrs.

Jocund, thinking of getting her element of decay eliminated.

“By Ozone,” replied his lordship.

“What is Ozone?” asked Mrs. Jocund, wondering how long it would make her live.

“Ozone has long been a bone of contention among chemists—even now they cannot agree as to what its true nature is. Miss Sanslim asserts that Ozone is life in an amorphous state—that the group of thoughts and feelings which we call the mind, is produced and sustained by the absorption of Ozone by the nervous system ; and her views, as far as I am competent to judge of them, seem based on sound physiological principles.”

“You really think her system of treatment promotes longevity?” said Mrs. Jocund.

“I *know* it does,” replied Fitztickle, confidently.

“Why, mama, is not *Clarisse Sanslim* the name of the wise woman that Mrs. De Monde told us renovated complexions?” inquired Beauty.

Mamma, who had vainly tried to nip Beauty's reminiscence in the bud, by nods and winks, angrily replied that she did not remember; evidently thinking it not worth while to refresh her memory by referring to her pocket-book, (in which she had carefully noted the name) that she had with her.

'Mrs. De Monde's wise woman, and my dear woman, are, I am sure, identical;' said the lordship, "for Miss Sanslim's name is doubtably known in connection with the complexion."

'You, gentlemen, imagine that *we* take much more interest in the details of the letter than we really do—you exaggerate our interest I assure you!' simpered mamma. "Isn't he, Jemima?"

"I don't know, mamma, I take a great interest in them," said Beauty fearlessly, "her own complexion was beyond reach. "Do you know, my lord, which is an enamel or a wash that Miss Sanslim celebrated for?"

"O Jemima," interposed mamma, horror-struck at her daughter's indiscretion, "how could Lord Fitztickle know?"

"Of course I know!" replied his lordship, gaily, "I am versed in all the secrets of the toilette—that is, I know the difference between a wash and an enamel. It is, however, neither of these that Clarisse employs in renovation, it is an essence so subtle that you can neither see nor feel it, whose presence can only be detected by delicate chemical tests, and which you are taking at present, Mrs. Jocund—"

"I assure you, my lord, I am not!" broke in mamma, who now looked flushed and frightened; "I am not taking anything! I—I—I—"

"I am alluding to the ozone which is present in the atmosphere. Ozone is the essence which Miss Sanslim employs in renovation. It has long been known to chemists and physiologists that ozone exercises a marked influence on the com-

plexion. That healthy brick red hue which you may have observed on the faces of those who are habitually exposed to currents of fresh air—such as seafaring men, cab-drivers, and others, is produced by the ozone of the atmosphere ; and it was a knowledge of this property of ozone induced Miss Sanslim to make those experiments which have rendered her name celebrated, and caused her to be christened the Apostle of Ozone. Under Miss Sanslim's ozone treatment, the hair becomes silky and luxuriant, the teeth send out fresh roots, the eyes grow bright, wrinkles disappear or are transformed into dimples, unsightly hollows are filled in, ugly prominences pared off, faded complexions renovated, sallow complexions cleared, coarse complexions refined, rough complexions smoothed. In fact, by Miss Sanslim's process, the most common-place face can be made divine ; and this change is accomplished by the application of no pigment, no lotion—it is

radical—the person operated on is made BEAUTIFUL FOR EVER.”

“I think I must pay her a visit,” laughed Beauty, fishing for a compliment.

“Ah!” sighed his lordship, “you must have done so already, for nature unassisted could never have produced anything so perfect. If, however, you would like to pay another visit, I will have great pleasure in forwarding you tickets for one of Miss Sanslim’s scientific séances.”

Beauty expressed her willingness to go, but mamma hesitated ; observing which, his lordship hastened to add :

“These séances are very fashionable! the Duchess of H——o told me that she went to one and was charmed with the lecture, and the lecturer. More she could not tell me, for every visitor is bound by oath not to reveal anything she hears, or sees, at Ivy Court. Gentlemen are not admitted, so that I am ignorant of the nature of the entertainment provided. I suppose

I may call for you to-morrow at half-past four ?

Upon the following day, Mrs. Jocund and her daughter attended the séance, where they saw such miracles worked by the Apostle through the agency of Ozone, as completely established their faith in the omnipotence of that subtle element.

When the séance was declared to be over and the visitors commenced to take their departure, mamma solicited a private interview in some place where there would be no danger of interruption, or of being overheard. Upon being shewn into the innermost sanctum of the Temple of Hygeia, mamma inquired if her charms were too much decayed to admit of restoration.

The response was encouraging in an eminent degree. "Your case does not present any insuperable difficulties—it is a favourable one—the prognosis, I may say, is favourable—very favourable under suitable treatment. If you place yourself in my hands, I will not only undertake to make

you beautiful forever, but subsequently to arrange for you an advantageous matrimonial alliance, and to so subdue the element of decay in your body, as to extend your life long past the natural term. The days of man have hitherto been averaged at three score years and ten, but my discoveries in Ozone now enable me to offer them a very much longer term of existence. I do not say that I can make you live *forever*, my experiments have not yet enabled me *completely* to eradicate the element of decay in the human body, only to modify it, rendering it *slower* in progress; I could not conscientiously promise that you shall live much beyond your hundred and fiftieth year.

Mamma was now fifty; that would give

her one hundred years to live. A hundred years is a very long time—it seemed to her that it could never come to an end. Besides the Apostle's future experiments might enable the term to be extended—the term of one hundred years might subsequently be changed to a lease of life renewable for ever.

“A hundred and fifty years will content me, and remember you are to make me beautiful for ever.”

“I remember.”

“No external washes to be applied, no enamels, no powders, no lotions, no pigments.”

“The change shall be radical. But I cannot undertake your case at all unless you promise to follow certain hygienic rules intended to promote the assimilation of the ozone by your system. “Rule the first: patient is required to leave off wearing stays.”

Mamma exhibited surprise and alarm. “Leave off my stays?” she repeated incredulously,—“you don't mean my stays?”

"I do indeed. It is impossible for the ozone to circulate freely through your system, when your stays act as a tourniquet and impede the circulation in the veins and arteries."

"But," expostulated the patient, "what would I look like without my stays! I would all tumble about! And think of the size of my waist!"

"Go, visit the galleries of sculpture and view the Venus de Medicis, the acknowledged model of a perfect female figure—observe the size of her waist, yours will not be larger than hers."

"You think if I left off my stays my figure would resemble that of the Venus de Medicis?" faltered the patient dubiously.

"As like it as circumstances will admit, your figure without stays would be much more like the Venus de Medicis than it is at present. I cannot understand how your heart is able to force the blood past your waist—it seems to me strange that it has not burst long ago. Nothing is a more fruitful source of that terrible disease, aneurism of

the aorta than tightly laced stays. I wear no stays, and look at my figure ! And now I would impress upon you that everything which tends to injure your health, tends also to injure your complexion. Therefore, you must regulate your diet, must adopt the regimen which I will prescribe for you. But this is not all : the influence of diet on the health and complexion is trifling when compared with the influence of the *mind* on the health and complexion. The mind acts on the body through the great sympathetic nerve, so that the groups of muscles which work the various organs of the body are influenced by emotional states. Your own experience tells you that the heart sympathises with the feelings. Passion causes it to palpitate, whereby the blood is violently injected into the capillary or small veins of the face, producing, in time, chronic congestion, a derangement destructive to the complexion and form of feature : the complexion becomes red all over, and the features

bloated. If you would be beautiful avoid passion. Again : sorrow, melancholy, and *ennui*, induce weakness of the heart, the organ becomes unable to force the blood into the capillaries, and the result is that the face becomes drawn and pallid. If you would be beautiful, avoid sorrow, melancholy, and *ennui*. Again : depressing emotions, of all kinds, tend to impoverish the secretion of the gastric, or digestive fluid ; that which dissolves the food. The result is, that the appetite fails ; the food is not assimilated, the body remains unnourished ; the features become angular, or bloated if the constitution be of a dropsical tendency ; the skin is dried up, or shriveled like parchment. Again : jealousy, melancholy, spite, and envy, have a tendency to increase the quantity, and vitiate the biliary fluid, causing the complexion to assume a bright yellow, or even a vivid green ; these passions also have a tendency to vitiate the pancreatic fluid, whereby the complexion becomes a deep copper colour."

“Copper colour!” exclaimed Mrs. Jocund aghast. “If I lose my temper am I really liable to become a deep copper?”

“Undoubtedly, or even a plum, or a violet, or a blue black.”

“I don’t believe it,” retorted the other firmly, after a moment of reflection. “If jealousy really turned people a bright yellow, or vivid green, and anger altered them to a copper, or a violet plum, people would be always changing their colour like a chameleon. I don’t believe it!”

“It is a fact, nevertheless, that these passions do act on the liver and pancreas, vitiating their secretions, and producing the colours I have mentioned. If you do not believe *me*, will you credit your mirror? Look in the glass, Mrs. Jocund, and behold that to which you have reduced your complexion by your bad temper: already it is a yellowish green, which proves that the liver is extensively disordered, if not disorganised; and it is dusky, which shows that the

pancreas has also been attacked. Beware: curb your temper in time; or the dusky yellow will soon become a deep copper; the deep copper, a violet plum, and the violet plum, finally pass into the blue black stage, which is incurable."

"I would rather die than become a blue black," sobbed the trembling patient.

"Then acquire a habit of commanding your temper: all that is necessary for the purpose is a little moral exertion. Become cheerful. Cheerfulness promotes that healthy regular action of the heart, stomach, and pancreas, so favourable to the complexion: it is Nature's great cosmetic. Cheerfulness is promoted by novelty, change; notably by travelling. Travelling causes a constant succession of fresh, healthful ideas to be generated in the mind, which drive out ennui with its train of depressing emotions. Wander about from place to place, removing when the scene ceases to touch your imagination. If possible, never retrace

your road, never visit the same scene twice, for this produces melancholy—never turn back—on! on! on! Wear nothing that you are afraid of spoiling, for this produces apprehension. Wear nothing fashionable, nothing that can induce in you feelings of emulation, for out of this arises envy, hatred, malice, jealousy, spite, and a host of depressing emotions. Carry nothing about with you but a change of linen, for luggage produces anxiety. To sum up: you cannot have a sound complexion without a sound body, and you cannot have a sound body without cheerfulness, exercise, and moderation in diet. If you continue to give way to your peevish temper, your indolent habits, your craving for highly-seasoned edibles and stimulant potables, you will prevent the assimilation of the Ozone necessary to restore your illused stomach, pancreas, and liver to their pristine vigour, thereby preventing the renovation of your complexion; you will fall into a state of premature old age; you will become yellower

and yellower, greener and greener, duskier and duskier every day; your skin will so shrivel up that enamel will no longer hide the wrinkles; you will become so dropsical that the strongest stays will fail to give you a figure; and you will end by becoming an eyesore to the world, and a curse to yourself.

END OF BOOK II.

BOOK III.

With swift pirouette, nimble hop, slide, and bound,
In polka, and waltz, and quadrille she'd turn round :
 Fresh vigour each dance seemed acquired,
 And 'twas thought she could never grow tired.
Her bosom heaved calmly—'twas seen through the tulle,
(Her dress was illusion)—and her face looked quite cool :
Then why has she answered, "To-o-o-o-o-o tired."
 Beauty and the Beast.

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CHAPTER I.

FITZTICKLE BECOMES A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY—BEAUTY NAMES THE DAY—THE BEAST DEVELOPES HIS LOATHSOME NATURE—THE MORMON PEER AND HIS TWELVE WIVES—SOME ACCOUNT OF BEAUTY'S ENEMIES—THE THREATENED FLOGGING—THE MEDICAL PRESCRIPTION—THE NOBLE SPY—IF I BRIBE YOU—A PINCH FOR A STALE JOKE—BEAUTY BETRAYS HER AGE—BEAUTY'S MUSCLES WIND THEMSELVES UP—OPPORTUNE ARRIVAL OF SOME OLD FRIENDS.

FITZTICKLE became a frequent visitor at the Jocunds' villa, and every facility was offered to him for cultivating Beauty's acquaintance. Well he knew how to turn these facilities to advantage; and excellent use he made of them. He bestowed on the fair girl many

handsome presents. He accompanied her to the marts of Fashion and gave her the benefit of his exquisite taste in colours; he knew exactly which harmonised best with her complexion, and so impressed her with a sense of the infallibility of his judgment that she always meekly deferred to it, and purchased whatever he chose for her, and would wear nothing with which he found fault. He procured for her invitations to balls and tickets for concerts; and she, in return, always reserved for him the first quadrille, and a seat by her side.

At the end of the first week, from the night of the introduction, the Jocunds all felt as if his lordship were quite an old friend of the family (so Beauty told him in confidence) and in that character he dropped in, on a general invitation, nearly every evening to tea. "We dine early, *Continental fashion*, you know, my lord," Mrs. Jocund had simpered, "and we hope you will often drop in to tea, uninvited, *Continental*."

tal fashion." His lordship had bowed, and said he would, and so he did.

At the end of the second week, being laid up in his castle with gout, he invited the Jocunds, in a friendly way, to come and keep "a poor, old, sick, lame fellow" company, and so mama, aunts, and nieces went off to nurse him.

They returned shortly after his lordship was convalescent, and as his lordship had not yet proposed, Beauty thought it would be a good plan to encourage the Beast, and thus lead his lordship to fear that any further delay in announcing his intentions would cause him to lose his charming little nurse. She had already more than once predicted that his lordship would propose for her at such and such a social gathering; and even went so far as to announce to her friends the probable date of the wedding, and to "settle on" the bridesmaids, and "arrange about" their wreaths and dresses. But, alas! the day which brought

the ball or concert, brought not the desiderated offer—his lordship had maintained a disgraceful reticence. This was mortifying. But Beauty quickly rallied after each disappointment—the spirits of youth are ever elastic—and hopefully named another ball at which the question was positively, *without fail*, to be popped; and when this ball also passed uneventfully away, another; and so on. Indeed, the very day before the events occurred which I am about to narrate, she had gone round to all her friends, assuring them, in confidence, that his lordship would *certainly* declare himself at the approaching Philharmonic, “*if not sooner.*” The last words were accompanied with a significant nod of the head, equivalent to the wink of the vulgar person.

It so happened that on the evening of the day before that fixed for the concert, his lordship started for Jocundville, intending to drap in uninvited, Continental fashion. Did he know that mama and the aunts

were dining out with the Plantagenets, and that Beauty, pleading severe indisposition, had remained at home, *alone*? I greatly fear that he did; I greatly fear the artful girl had hinted as much at Mrs. Smith's little dance on Tuesday. By a curious coincidence, Hal Higgins selected the same evening for dropping in, Continental fashion. The Beast got the start of the nobleman. The loathsome creature dropped in at six. Beauty received him coldly at first, but afterwards changed her tactics and became gracious, resolving on making use of him to pique and spur his procrastinating lordship into an immediate proposal. She counted on being able to get rid of the wrong man at the right moment by judicious snubbing; then his lordship and she would make up their quarrel, and out of the fire of reaction would spring phoenix-like, a proposal. "Are we friends?" she would ask of his lordship. "No," his lordship would reply. "If I

bribe you?" she would say. The scheme was a promising one!

As Beauty lay on the sofa in the moonlight, she alternately sang the praises of Fitztickles, and of Fitztickles's friend the great African Nimrod. The Beast abused both, with all the acrimony of a jealous lover.

"Fitztickles is seventy, and has got the gout," said he, savagely.

"No, he is only fifty, or sixty. I know he has got the gout, but what matter. Mama says she would like to see me married to a man with the gout, because I would be obliged to nurse him, and that would develop all the nobler qualities of my nature."

"He is a Mormon, and has got a dozen wives, or more, in a villa at Twickenham."

Beauty laughed, incredulously.

"And so you are going to be married to him in spring?" said the loathsome creature, with a sneer.

Repenting her that she had opened her heart to a person so unworthy as to make

a confidence a subject for vulgar chaff, the girl remained silent.

“What!” exclaimed the Beast, with a repetition of the odious sneer. “Is not he going to propose for you at the Philharmonic after all? after you have told all your friends that he is! Oh that is too bad! has the wretch again changed his mind, and, not contented with having disappointed your young hopes at the pic-nic, resolved on blighting the aspirations of your fond credulous little heart at the Philharmonic! Oh, dear Beauty, don’t say he won’t propose for you at the Philharmonic!” and the loathsome creature groaned, and put his handkerchief to his eyes.

“Of course he will propose,” snapped Beauty, looking round for something hard and heavy to throw at her tormentor’s head. “But I—I am going to *refuse* him. Yes, I intend to say ‘*no*.’ Do you think I would marry my grandfather!”

“And leave all the nobler qualities in

your nature undeveloped?" exclaimed the Beast, in an ecstasy of simulated surprise. "Oh don't do that! don't refuse him! He is not young! He has got the gout! He has been before the magistrates for treading on a young lady's foot! He has a villa at Twickenham! He has an establishment at Boulogne! and yet I do not think you can do better than accept him, when he proposes (as of course he will do at the Philharmonic). He can give you the house in Piccadilly, the box at the Opera, and the brougham and pair that you sigh for. What does it matter, he is only seventy! a husband is a husband, and a brougham and pair, is a brougham and pair, and you need not look your gift horse in the mouth, although you might do it safely enough, for he has got a beautiful new set of false teeth, and, though you like Adonis better, I do not see why—taking into consideration Piccadilly—and the Opera—and the footman with the calves—and the fellow with the wig—

I do not see why a platonic marriage with Fitztickie should not make you—Holloa! there's some one at the door."

In order that the reader may understand the cause of the interruption, I must venture on a short digression. In revenge for some slights, the Beast had composed some dog-grel verses designed to wound Beauty in all her most vulnerable points. She had many. She regarded as enemies :—

(1) *Everybody who hinted that she was not full grown, and that she was capable of further expansion in any direction.*

(2) *Everybody who insinuated that she wore high heels to her boots to make herself appear tall.*

(3) *Everybody who asserted that her embon-point, for a girl of her age, was marked.* She wished to be thought to possess a "lady-like" slimness of figure (robust charms are unconventional, wanting in *ton*, degrading in any female but a dairy-maid) and vainly tortured herself with the very tightest of stays

to effect this object; and sometimes, poor girl, when thus compressed, she would not only deceive herself into believing that people thought her pinched figure to be natural, but even succeed in persuading herself that it *was*—that her stays were “not so tight at all,” and but slightly affected her circumference; and would remain in this blissful delusion until the nocturnal hour of unveiling arrived, and the elastic charms, released from their confinement, sprang out in all their charming fullness and amplitude of curve.

(4) *Everybody who asserted that she had an appetite.* She knew that appetite is unconventional, ill-bred, wanting in *ton*; that the angels of society eat nothing—or next to nothing; and though she herself had not sufficient moral courage to refrain (when anything particularly nice, such as ices or champagne, was set before her) from betraying the earthly leaven which was mixed through her celestial body, she naturally felt indignant when any loathsome creature, by inu-

endo or ironical compliment, proved that he was conscious of her weakness, or exhibited incredulity when she declared that she had no appetite.

(5) *Everybody who alleged that she ever had, or ever could, become vulgarly hot.* She protested that she *never* grew moist—not even the quickest dance, sustained for the longest time, in the most crowded ball-room, on the hottest night in the dogdays—not the most trying combination of circumstances ever to be met with in society, could make her moist! She admitted that she sometimes grew *flushed*—sometimes even *red*; but *moist*, or even *damp*, never! never! never! This immunity she attributed to *breeding*. To question its existence was, in her estimation, an offence of such magnitude, that she sometimes thought she never *could* forgive it—certainly never could *forget* it. And yet Beasts were constantly teasing her by doing so. For example, on a recent occasion, when debating whether she ought to take to the

ball her ivory fan, or her fan of the sweet scented sandal (a prize obtained at Miss Starchem's select seminary), the loathsome creature had advised her to take both, alleging as a reason, that he thought, as she would be dancing so much, one fan, however vigourously wielded, would not be sufficient to keep her from getting "sticky." He could only have said this to teaze her, for he knew very well (she had been at great pains to impress it on him) that fans are only carried for show, and as an excuse for graceful gesturing, by which the fine curves of the arm, and the brilliance of the diamonds which encircle the wrist, may be exhibited to advantage; and so he could only have said this to teaze her. "You loathsome creature," she returned, scornfully, for it was indeed an odious observation, "you loathsome creature, I never, never, never, can forgive you! I'll go up to my room, and remain there until you go away, and never come down again while you are here." And

though she did come down again in half-an-hour (in a new dress, and her hair done up in a different style), it was only to tell him, on her fingers, that she never intended to "*open her lips*" to him again; and though she found herself unable to carry out this resolution for more than five minutes (being betrayed into vocal conversation by a loathsome artifice) she declared that if he ever dared to hint again that she could be anything more than "flushed" after a waltz, or other laborious dance, she never *would* forgive him, but exile him for ever from her lovely presence.

Now to resume the thread of our story:

"There is some one knocking at the door," repeated the Beast.

"Come in," called out Beauty, rapidly throwing herself into a graceful *pose*, in the expectation that the person knocking was Lord Fitztickle.

It was only Thomas with some medicines, which he asserted were for his young mistress.

"They are *not* for me, Thomas; there is some mistake."

"Doctor Bluepill's boy says they are for you, miss," persisted Thomas, respectfully, and with a very grave face.

"Don't tease me," exclaimed the belle, who was impatient of contradiction. "I say they are *not* for me—Take them away, Thomas, or I'll jump on them—take them away instantly, Thomas, or I'll break the bottles!"

The Beast got possession of the basket, with the avowed intention of ascertaining from the labels on the vials the name of the person for whom they were really intended. He opened the lid and drew forth a bottle neatly sealed up in white paper. On it was inscribed, "Miss Jemima Jocund—CINCHONA MIXTURE, *one wineglass full to be taken three times a day, until she grows strong.*"

"Why, I'm never tired," said Beauty, in great amazement. "It must be Aunt Pen that ordered the medicine—she's always fancying things. But I won't take it—I won't!"

“What have we next?” asked the Beast, drawing forth another bottle. “This is labelled, ‘Miss Jemima Jocund—QUININE MIXTURE, *one tablespoon to be taken before meals, until she recovers her appetite.*’”

A light broke on Beauty’s mind. She knew now that the whole thing must be a hoax. “Oho! oho!” she whimpered, “somebody has ordered Doctor Bluepill to send me the medicine, just to tease me. If it is you, you Beast, I’ll never open my lips to you again—never. I said I wouldn’t before, and I did; but I’ll keep my word this time!”

“What have we next?” asked the Beast, unappalled by this dreadful threat, drawing forth another enormous bottle, “‘Miss Jemima Jocund—COD LIVER OIL, *one dessert-spoon three times daily, in milk, until she grows fat.*’ That *must* be for you,” added the loathsome creature; “some thoughtful soul, observing your tendency to marasmus, to check the untimely wasting away of your charms, sent you this fattening oil.”

The girl, enraged at this cruel irony, snatched the bottle, stamped on it until it broke, and the fattening oil distributed itself over the floor.

"Now look what you've made me do!" she whimpered, staring aghast at the oleaginous stream meandering over the new velvet pile carpet. "What will aunt Pen say? But it's your fault, Thomas, and I'll get my aunts to discharge you the moment they come home, Thomas—you shan't stop another day in the house, Thomas—not another hour, Thomas—go and pack your box, Thomas—and count your knives and forks, Thomas."

"Yes, miss," said Thomas. . Beauty discharged him on an average three times every day.

"And don't expect any character, Thomas."

"No, miss."

"Or hope that we will tell anybody you send to us that you are *quiet*, Thomas."

"No, miss."

"Or *sober*, Thomas."

"No, miss."

"Or *honest*, Thomas."

"Certingly, not, miss."

The respectful acquiescence exhibited by Thomas while being deprived of his situation and character so provoked Beauty, that she caught up a riding whip which happened to be at hand and shook it fiercely at the complacent serving man.

"Leave my presence, Thomas," she screamed, quivering with rage; "leave my presence instantly. I'll horsewhip you!"

"Yes, miss," said Thomas, backing respectfully out of the room.

With the basket of medicines, the butler had presented, on a salver, an ornamental envelope, addressed, "*Miss Jocund's prescription.*" This the Beast now tore open, saying, that he thought its contents might enable them to discover the author of the wicked hoax; and after running his eye hastily over the contents, and vehemently protesting that they were "scandalous," and

that he thought he guessed the author, read as follows :—

TOO TIRED.

I.

[*The author introduces the Conventional angel and the Conventional parti.*]

Fair maidens were bounding,
Their fairy feet pounding
(The noise was astounding),
With soles all by Terpsichore fired,
When an angel (terrestrial), on a seat near the wall
(This happened, you know, at the great Gooseshire ball)
Replied to a *parti*, "toooo tired."

"Oh," exclaimed Beauty, "this must be from Bill Spriggins—But how did it happen to get into Mr. Bluepill's basket, I wonder! Go on, I want to hear what the horrid creature says about me."

II.

[*The author describes the angel's dress.*]

Her wreath was of ivy, her dress was of tulle,
Her fan of the sandal (a prize won at school)
For ornament only—mark; this maid's always cool,
She boasts that she never perspired!
Her *chignon* was blonde, her stature was small,
But her heels were made lofty to make her seem tall.
No belle there more tastefully tired.

“I wore,” said Beauty, with an air of ecstatic abstraction, “a peplum of tulle illusion; trimmings—bouffons of illusion agrafted with blue silk estortions and pompons of forget-me-not. A bouilloned skirt of illusion studded with noeuds of azure silk. My head-dress was to have been myrtle and forget-me-not, but unfortunately an accident happened to it on my way to Aldershot, and so Aunt Pen kindly lent me hers, which was of ivy and roses. My *chaussure* consisted of exquisitely fitting flesh coloured silk stocking with embroidered clocks; boots—but I’ll never open my lips to Bill Spriggins again!” This burst of indignation was caused by the sudden recurrence to her memory of the insulting line, “but her heels were made lofty to make her seem tall,” which had been for a moment forgotten, so ravishing were the recollections evoked by the description of her dress in the preceding lines, meagre and unsatisfactory though that description was.

“In such a dress, who could resist her!”

murmured the loathsome creature, affecting
 reverie. "In fancy I see her image as it
 appeared on my retina when she swept be-
 fore me in the graceful waltz on the night of
 the Gooseshire ball, dressed in delusion, trim-
 med with buffoons, giraffed with distortions,
 and the pompous forget-me-not, with a delu-
 sive bouilli skirt studded with nude silk.
 Oh rapture! glorious vision! beatifying
 mental picture! let me exult!" His exult-
 ation was of short duration, Beauty speedily
 changed it to mourning by a box on the ear,
 delivered with such good will, that the loath-
 some creature protested there was no fun in it,
 as indeed there was not—none was intended.

III.

*[It appears that the maid was disengaged at the time that the parti
 solicited her hand; also, that the parti, when asking her hand,
 had neglected none of the forms required by fashion.]*

By the *parti degagé* the maid had been found,
 With a wave of the hand and a salaam profound
 (The manner which Fashion inspired).

"A waltz is now tumming: Say? May I be blest?"
 In conventional language, thus the maid was addressed,
 When she said to the *parti*, "toooo tired."

IV.

[The author gives his reasons for suspecting the allegation of fatigue to be false, and invites the reader to speculate on the subject.]

With swift pirouette, nimble hop, slide, and bound,
In polka, and waltz, and quadrille she'd turned round;
Fresh vigour each dance seemed acquired,
And 'twas thought she could never grow tired.
Her bosom heaved calmly—'twas seen through the tulle
(Her dress was illusion)—and her face looked quite cool:
Then why has she answered "tooooo tired?"

Beauty smiled and simpered while these eulogiums on her dancing and coolness were being read out. "That is not bad," she said. "I am sorry now that I was so unkind to poor Bill. I always knew he was clever, and I think he will make his way at the bar—perhaps he made Lord Chancellor some day." She resolved to take the embryo Lord Chancellor into favour the next time she met him. She thought of a capital way of making it up with him: "Are we friends?" she would ask. "No," he would say. "If I bribe you?" she would say. And then they would become friends.

V.

[The parti believing her indisposition to be only temporary, the result of a surfeit of strawberry ice, resolves to watch her movements, and solicit her hand again the moment they indicate convalescence.]

"She has taken a chill, and turned suddenly ill—
Fifty-six strawberry ices, and she's terribly ill!"

Thought the *parti*, as he sadly retired
(With the sadness good breeding required).

"I'll watch each proceeding,
When she's well, then good breeding
Will forbid her repeating 'too tired.'"

"Oho! oho! the mean wretch," whimpered
the girl, "to count my ices and champagne
because I would not dance with him—and I
only took five strawberry's."

"And how many vanille?"

"Only two."

"And how many lemon?"

"Only three—no, four."

"And how many raspberry?"

"Oh, I don't know—don't tease me (*crying*).
Oho, he's a mean wretch! He'll never get on
at the bar—never—He says he knows he'll
be Lord Chancellor some day; but he won't

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* * * * *

* [The parti takes the anodyne.—Interval of half-an-hour.] *

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XIII.

[The anodyne begins to operate.]

“Now fast as the dancers, my head’s spinning round,
 The floor seems quadrilling, with hop, slide, and bound,
 As if by muse Terpsichore fired;
 And my heels!—yes—my heels have moved up to my
 head—
 What villian’s that saying I’d be better in bed?
 Slap Bang! Jolly dogs! I’m not tired.”

XIV.

[The parti begins to suspect that he has taken too much anodyne.
 The overdose produces delusions. He resolves to ask Miss
 Gauze again.]

“Discriminate, please, ’twixt my head and my heels?
 Say, what is the langour which over me steals?
 Has champagne been too freely unwired?
 The lights are all jigging! the chairs all dance reels—
 Bless my soul! now my head has moved down to my
 heels!
 I’ll seek *her* and see if she’s tired.”

XV.

[The parti politely, but, owing to the overdose of anodyne, rather incoherently, asks Miss Gauze again. She becomes alarmed at his evident indisposition.]

Then the *parti*, advancing with salaam and smile,
Miss Gauze thus addressed, in conventional style,
And a manner by champagne inspired,
“Nine times my poor Shlap has—ah! vainly been
phresht,
Yet Bang in my bushom continues a guesht!
Oh (hic)! Say if a dawg? Pleshaw? Forshunate?
Blesht?”

[Miss Gauze, in a fright]:

“Go away—Oh don’t, please—I’m too tired!
Where’s mama? Oh, dear me! I’m tooooo tired.”

XVI.

[The parti presses his suit.]

“You said that before (how my poor head is creaking).
The ‘spirit’—I mean of the ball—is now speaking;
The spirit is willing, though the flesh is now squeaking—
Did I say that before? I’m unwired!

Have you any commands?

[Shakes her vehemently by the hand]

Since you have not, shake hands!

[Seizes her round the waist, and whisks her about in an impromptu dance of elaborate but confused design]

Ladies chain—

[Flings himself on his knees, holding on by her skirts]

Oh, recall that ‘toooo tired.’”

XVII.

[There are some provocations which even an angel cannot bear calmly.]

“Dolt, idiot, and noodle ! fool, ruffian, and sot !
I’ve told you I won’t, and yet go you will not,”
Cried Miss Gauze, now by passion inspired ;
“You are drivelling, and drunk, Sir ! You’d be
better in bed !
Why will you keep asking, although I have said,
That I won’t—and I won’t—

[Observing Lord Fitztickie returning, summons up the languid smile recommended by mamma]

I’m toooooo tired.”

“Dear me, Beauty !” said the Beast, with affected dismay, “I hope Lord Fitztickie did not hear the little exhibition of temper, because if he did—How will this affect your prospects ? I ask, not from idle curiosity, but for information.”

“I’ll scratch your face, if you ask me again,” was the tearful reply to this exasperating question.

XVIII.

[*The parti takes courage from an old saw, and asks the angel once more. Miss Gauze is still too tired.*]

“Fair lady has never been won by faint heart,
I’ll ask her once more, though her tongue has
grown tart.”

He salaamed, and politely enquired:—

“Sthill Hope in my bushom continues a guesht!
Your hand in Sir Roger? Say, may I be blesht?”

Sobbed Miss Gauze, “How you teaze me! I’m tired.
Ohhh-ho-ho! how you teaze! I’m toooooo tired.”

XIX.

[*The parti goes in search of a remedy for fatigue.*]

“No more of fatigue shall this angel complain;
A remedy potent is sparkling champagne!

I’ll go and get some more unwired.”

Then politely grimacing, to cover his pain,
He, right about facing, danced off for champagne
To cheer up this maiden so tired.

XX.

[*The parti returns with the panacea, and inquires for Miss Gauze.*]

He returned in a trice

With the “gooseberry” nice,

For the syncopetic belle he inquired,

Oh, say, have you seen,
 With a head-dress of green,
 A girl who complains of being tired—
 Who can't dance now because she's "toooo tired."

XXII.

[The parti pictures the angel's distressing condition.]

Oh, say on what sofa syncopetic she lies?
 Her cheek like the lily, and lidded the eyes
 One short hour since by Terpsichore fired!
 Her toes to the ceiling now languidly turned,
 High, light and fantastic, the floor lately spurned
 Oh, where is my angel so tired?"

[The interrogated, pointing to a very moist young lady, who, with sparkling eyes and crimson cheeks, is galloping furiously "down the middle"]

"Oh, there is your angel so tired."

XXIII.

The parti's feelings may be imagined but cannot be described.]

Who his feelings can paint?—
 There—instead of a faint—
 In a boisterous dance she perspired,
 For this Artful Dodger
 Was romping Sir Roger
 As if she could never be tired.

XXIV.

[*The parti gets a little prescription made up for the angel, which he hopes will cure her of being "toooooooo tired."*]

Now, Hope in his bosom again is a guest,
And he's sanguine that at the next ball he'll be blest,
For his chemist last night he desired
To send to this maiden, (she's not yet full grown,)
Believing her juvenile system wants tone,
The tonics by youth oft required—
Quinine, and cinchona, and cod liver oil,
To fit her for further Terpsichorean toil,
And cure her of being "Tooooo TIRED?"

When this last gross insult was read out to her, the infuriated belle, who now guessed the true author of the verses, took up the basket in which the ironical medicines had been conveyed with the intention of inflicting therewith a severe chastisement on the originator of the "vulgar and abominable" jest; but just as she was about to bring it down with a great thump on the loathsome creature's head, she observed a dark figure outside, which she guessed belonged to Lord Fitztickle, seemingly watching her movements—and, with great presence of mind, commence—

dandling the piece of wickerwork as if she had only taken it up to play at baby with, simultaneously metamorphosed all her frowning wrinkles into smiling dimples; and then turning to the Beast, who, not having noticed the noble spy, was amazed at this sudden change of demeanour, asked, with enchanting sweetness,

“Are we friends?”

The reply was a negative. Every male to whom Beauty put this amiable question invariably returned a negative.

“If I bribe you?” asked the girl, putting up her face to be kissed.

Friendship was established.

“Now that we are friends,” she said, “you will promise not to show those verses to Lord Fitztickle—hushhhh—here he is.”

His lordship entered.

Beauty now resolved to get rid of the Beast so that his lordship, whom she believed to be in a state of jealous rage bordering on suicide, consequent on his having wit-

nessed the bribing of his rival, might have an opportunity of securing to himself a monopoly of her lovely lips by proposing. Seizing a moment when his lordship's head was turned away, she intimated on her fingers to her superfluous lover that in her opinion "two is company, but three is trumpery." On receipt of this telegram the unfortunate third *parti* caught up Doctor Bluepill's basket, and left the room.

"Are we friends?" asked Beauty of his lordship.

"No," replied the peer.

"If I bribe you?" she asked, putting up her face to be kissed.

Hardly had perfect amity been restored, when the Beast returned with a loathsome smile on his face—the smile which always foreboded something particularly abominable. A few minutes afterwards there was a knock at the door.

"Come in," said the Beast.

Enter Thomas with a basket.

"Thomas!" exclaimed Beauty.

"Yes, miss," returned Thomas.

"If you don't leave the room with that basket this instant, I'll get my aunt to dismiss you on the spot. How dare you!"

But she knew that the threat was an idle one, for Thomas was an old and privileged servant of the family, and nothing would induce Pen to part with him. Thomas knew this too, so he stood his ground, sniggering.

"What have you there, Thomas," asked Higgins. "Dear me, Thomas, what can you have in that basket? Is it a wren, or a tom-tit, or some other very small bird for Miss Jemima's dinner?"

"No, sir. It is something for Miss Jemima from Doctor Bluepill the apothecary."

"Thomas, Thomas," said the poor girl, striving vainly to be calm, "pack up your box immediately, Thomas; and count your knives and forks, Thomas; and be all ready

to go the moment my aunts come home, Thomas. This time, Thomas, you shall go, Thomas—I'm in earnest this time, Thomas—Don't think I say it in a passion, Thomas, and that my aunts won't mind me, Thomas; for I say it without anger, Thomas, calmly and deliberately, Thomas, that either you or I, Thomas, must leave the house, Thomas. My aunts must choose between us, Thomas."

"Yes, miss," said Thomas, with aggravating respect.

"From Doctor Bluepill the apothecary, Thomas, for Miss Jemima?" repeated the Beast. "Ha! doubtless some little tonic—some little restorative. Don't be ashamed to let it be known you are delicate, Beauty—it is a lady-like thing to be delicate. Let me see what you are taking—How neatly these apothecaries wrap up and seal their bottles—hem!" He affected to scrutinize the label—"Miss Jemima Jocund—QUININE MIXTURE, *one tablespoon to be taken before meals, until she recovers her appetite*—Hem!"

"The Beast so seldom has an idea," sobbed Beauty, "that when he *does* find one he runs it to death."

" 'Miss Jemima Jocund—COD LIVER OIL, *one desertspoon three times daily, in milk, until she grows fat.*' Hem! Poor dear skeleton," added the loathsome creature, in a tone of exasperating sympathy, and gazing with such aggravating sadness on the robust charms, now inflated with rage, that the girl could scarcely contain herself, although she knew that her noble lover was noting her demeanour under these trying circumstances.

"Oh, stale! stale! stale!" said Beauty, with a quivering lip. "A pinch for a stale joke." She relieved her feelings by giving a good pinch, accompanying the action with a forced laugh to prevent the pinch from appearing a malicious pinch. "I hate a man of one idea."

"Ha! the prescription—let me see—what does it say?" The Beast opened it, and commenced reading the verses with which the reader has already been made familiar,

emphasising, and commenting on, those parts which he thought would vex most. Beauty talked very loud to Lord Fitztickle on fashionable subjects, trying to appear wholly unconscious of what her tormentor was doing, trying to appear as if she did not hear a word he read; though all the time her ears were cocked, and her busy brain following him through the verses with feverish eagerness, and anxiety, and apprehension.

“‘Poor angel, she’s not yet full grown,’” read this man of one idea; “she’s only a bread-and-butter miss—only thirteen her last birth-day, by the parish register.”

“Fifteen,” corrected Beauty, off her guard. And then she could have bitten off her tongue for her inadvertence in betraying that she was listening to what her persecutor was saying. She saw the Beast smile with malignant satisfaction; and what was worse, she saw his lordship frown with grave surprise, and remembered that she had told him that she was seventeen.

She went on talking loudly, almost screaming, in a vain attempt to drown the loathsome voice.

"Brighton is very empty just now," she said; "but the Duke of P—— is still here. I wonder if he is going to remain during the winter. I met him yesterday on the Chain Pier, and he stared at me so—I was quite frightened."

"Monstrous rude of him," rejoined Fitz-tickle. "And yet he might be able to plead as an excuse, that—"

"'Five times round the room she perspired,'" read the Beast. "Poor darling, we must get Bluepill to make up a little anti-diaphoretic mixture for her."

"Oho! oho! oho!" sobbed the slandered belle (her hearing appeared to be now quite restored); "I never do that—Lord Fitz-tickle knows I never do that—Do I, Lord Fitztickle?" and she looked up in his face appealingly. "I get flushed, but that's all—Isn't that all, Lord Fitztickle?"

"That's all, and it's very becoming,"

responded the peer. "The Duke of H—— remarked to me at the Gooseshire ball, that you were the coolest young lady in the room, as well as the most beautiful."

The girl's eyes brightened up. It was not the compliment to her beauty which flattered her most—for her beauty was patent—it was the testimony to her perfect coolness under the most trying circumstances that filled her heart with delight—a duke had noticed this idiosyncrasy, and vainly in future might a beast endeavour to disseminate an odious scepticism.

"Pray make my apologies to the Duke of H—— for having declined to dance with him on that night," said Beauty; "I thought he was a tailor. Spoon made me believe that his Grace was not a duke at all, but a Jew tailor from Brighton, who had fallen in love with me on the Chain Pier and assumed the title to deceive me into dancing with him, and so when his Grace asked me, I said I was too ti—"

“‘Fifty-six strawberry ices, and she’s terribly ill,’” read Higgins; “and no wonder! I must warn Bluepill not to make her Quinine and Cinchona mixture so strong again.”

Beauty took no notice of this taunt. She beat her foot on the floor, and rattled on in an excited manner about the Duke of P——. But she felt that she could not contain herself much longer, even for the sake of her prospects. She felt the blood coursing through her arteries like liquid fire; the heat seemed to have increased the volume of the red waters of life, so that they swelled out all her veins nigh to bursting. She knew by experience that once her muscles had wound themselves up, her control over them was gone; they carried her whither they listed, causing her to commit all kinds of vagaries like an automaton doll out of order. And now she felt them winding themselves up, winding, winding, winding, and felt that the tension would soon be so great that they would spring her off

the sofa, fling her on the Beast, cause her pretty little plump hands to twine themselves in his hair, and her light fantastic toes to knock against his shins, to the utter destruction of her prospects. At this critical moment the door opened, and Thomas ushered in Spoon, the major of the Xth, and two or three more of the fastest members of that fast regiment.

CHAPTER II.

SOME FRIENDS DROP IN CONTINENTAL, FASHION, ON A POOR SICK GIRL—BEAUTY'S REVENGE—SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER—INFLEXIBLE AUNT PEN IS FLEXED—A SITUATION OF EXTREME INDELICACY—AUNT PEN ACCOUNTS FOR THE GRADUALLY INCREASING WICKEDNESS OF THE WORLD.

“MAJOR Bouffon, Captain Adonis, Captain Shako, Captain Threes Right, Mr. Trot, Mr. Canter, Mr. Gallop, Mr. Charge, Mr. Spoon,” said Thomas, announcing the names of the *elite* of the Xth Dragoons. All these had dropped in, Continental fashion. They were astonished to learn that Mrs. and the two elder Miss Jocunds were spending the evening out, under the escort of Fred Figgins. “I don’t know why I should be astonished,

you know," explained Spoon, "only it *is* curious—Hope your aunts won't think it to be anything more than a coincidence."

"Mr. Noodle, Mr. Poodle, Mr. Bodkin, Mr. Spriggins," said Thomas, appearing a second time in the doorway.

"Oh, come," remonstrated Spoon; "the old ladies won't stand this, you know—this is too much of a coincidence, you know!" The new arrivals recriminated, and some damaging disclosures were made.

The bustle caused by these events, by reinforcing the Volitional at the expense of the Emotional, enabled my heroine so to control her rebellious muscles, that they ran down without doing any mischief to the loathsome creature; but he had a very narrow escape indeed.

Some one who was acquainted with her constitution, aware that when Beauty was ill a dance always did her good, suggested the panacea. Miss Q—— and two or three other dancing young ladies were sent for.

They arrived, and the fun grew fast and furious.

The parties were all galloping round the room in the last figure of the first quadrille, when they were struck with consternation by the sudden appearance among them of Fred Figgins, in whose company they believed the betrayed old Hesperides to be.

“What—Fred!” exclaimed Beauty, aghast. “Where are my aunts—are they with you?”

“No,” stammered that foolish individual, staring blankly round the room in an ecstasy of amazement; “I was afraid you’d feel lonely all by yourself, and with that bad headache you complained of, and so I—” Here his look of open-mouthed astonishment at the scene before him elicited a roar of laughter, upon which he stopped short, coloured, and then, almost sobbing, added, “but I know I’m a fool.”

“Never mind, Fred,” said Beauty, softly, “go back to my aunts—they’ll want you,

and—and you need not tell them there is anybody here—it would be ill-natured, you know, for they would be hurrying back, and so depriving themselves of the pleasure of more congenial society.”

Now it happened that a few minutes after Figgins had left Pen and Flo, with the avowed intention of keeping the poor sick solitary girl company, the kind hearts of the old aunts smote them for having left her alone; so they donned their bonnets and shawls, and trudging after their quondam escort, arrived just in time to hear their thoughtful niece give poor Fred what was to be his parting admonition, designed to prevent the catastrophe which had occurred. The grim sarcastic smile with which Pen regarded her niece was worth seeing. But in a moment the old lady remembered the duties of hospitality, and hastened to assure her unexpected guests of her delight at seeing them, and afterwards to improvise a little supper for their entertainment.

The second dance was a waltz—the “Spirit of the Ball.” Fred, remembering that Beauty owed him two or three hops since the night of the Gooseshire ball (and a whole pocket of them, were he to take into account all she had ever jilted him of), asked the empress of his affections if she was engaged.

“No,” replied the queen of his soul, surveying him doubtfully, “but—”

“But?” repeated Fred, greatly cast down, for he was not such a fool as not to know what a young lady’s “but” meant.

“But I’m afraid you’re not strong enough. I’m sorry to disappoint you—really very sorry—but you’re not strong enough—you don’t look as if you could lift me.”

“Please, give me a trial?” replied the humble admirer, eagerly, “I’m stronger than I look. Please give me an opportunity?”

The girl shook her head, negatively and decisively.

“No, Fred,” she said, “you could *not* lift me. Go away now, like a good boy,

•

and don't be keeping other people who can lift me from coming to ask me."

Fred departed with a sad, sad countenance.

The expectant *danseuse*, with dismay, beheld now approaching the Axis of Fashion. His intentions were evident—nobody could mistake them. His countenance was writhed in The Smile, his chest thrown well forward, his toes pointed and turned out. He advanced in a series of undulating movements, profusely salaaming from the heels upwards. He would have asked her for the preceding quadrille had he not known that she made it a rule to reserve the first dance at every hop for Lord Fitztickles. Indeed, her mother and aunts had ordered her to do so; and, sooth to say, she was nothing loath, for, though romantic in theory and conversation, she was a calculating young lady, and always looked before she leaped. The Axis advanced. His objective point observed that two or three other *parties* whom she had slyly telegraphed over, pretended not to observe the

signals, and immediately guessed that an arrangement had been entered into to force her to dance with a man she hated, or endure the mortification of the wall-flower. This of course fortified her in her resolution not to dance with him, especially, as she heard the loathsome creature, in a stage-whisper audible to all the room, begging her to think of her prospects, reply with courtesy, and if she could not make up her mind to accept the applicant for her hand, at least to sit through the dance, and above all things not to say, curtly and peevishly, "To-o-o-o-o tired." The natural obstinacy of her disposition prompted her to do exactly the reverse of that which she was advised.

"It was only yesterday," said Bodkin, "that I resented at mess the generally expressed opinion, that my friend's indomitable spirit could ever be conquered by Miss Jocund's coldness; and you see I was right. 'I bet you a pony,' I said, 'that:

‘ Where kid boots are creaking,
‘ While the ‘ Spirit’ is speaking,
‘ We’ll again see him seeking
‘ The Heaven to which he aspired ;
‘ With Hope still a guest,
‘ And I hope he’ll be blest,
‘ And she won’t put him off with *to-o-o-o-o-o tired.*”

“ You are too precipitate, Bill,” quoth the Beast; “ you mustn’t expect the quinine, the cinchona, and the cod-liver oil to operate all at once, you know. Give them time—I have the most sanguine hopes of their effecting a complete cure, if you only give them time.”

So they went on teasing her until the poor girl could no longer control her passion, and the muscles, wound up to an unprecedented tension, commenced running down with destructive violence; she danced about the room in an ecstasy of passion, breaking all the light furniture and articles of vertu, threw the chimney ornaments into the fire, and fractured the great mirror with a candlestick which she had aimed at the loathsome creature’s head.

On the following day she was surprised to receive a friendly letter, marked private, from the Apostle of Ozone, calling her attention to the present ephemeral character of her beauty and symmetry, and informing her that she could have her charms rendered never-fading without expense, the Apostle kindly offering to dispense with the usual fee. Should Miss J., the letter went on to say, neglect to take advantage of this offer, should she allow nature to take its course, the hereditary enemies of her family would, in a few short years, leave her without either complexion or figure. Miss J. was requested to look at her mamma's face, and at her aunt's figure: the former a yellowish green, studded with little black spots, yellow-topped pimples, and other unsightly excrescences, and the latter loaded with fat. If Miss J. would avoid growing like these: having her complexion become all the colours of the rainbow, her skin speckled, mottled, and knobby, and her form disfigured by obesity,

she was advised to repair to the Temple of Beauty, on the following Friday, at twelve o'clock noon, to undergo the process of being made Beautiful Forever. Beauty's complexion was dear to her—so dear that she sacrificed to it cleanliness and comfort: never using soap or hot water, fearing they would spoil it; and nightly smearing it over (before going to bed) with cold cream and various other preservative and beautifying, but uncomfortable, unguents and cosmetics. We have seen how great was her fear of growing fat. Now the allusion to hereditary predisposition to greenness, black spots, pimples, and obesity, reduced her to a state of such abject terror that she was willing to do anything which might avert the predicted catastrophe.

CHAPTER III.

BEAUTY IS MADE BEAUTIFUL FOREVER.—A
SURPRISE.—DENOUMENT.—CORNET SPOON'S
DRAMA.—END OF CAPTAIN BANBURY'S
TALE.

ON Friday, at the hour appointed, the juvenile candidate for never-fading loveliness presented herself at the gate of the Temple and knocked timidly. The door was opened by a black boy, who grinned at her, she thought impudently and maliciously. By him she was led into the innermost sanctum or penetralia. This was a small room faintly illuminated by coloured lamps, the sun being rigidly excluded. A magnificently upholstered throne occupied the centre of the apartment. Over this, supported by four marble columns, was the fountain of Ozone. After a short delay, the Apostle entered,

accompanied by several female attendants of gigantic stature, dressed in oriental costume, and their faces hidden by long and impenetrable veils. Beauty addressed some trifling question to one of these remarkable personages, upon which the woman commenced to shake all over, and to make a strange uncouth kind of sound like a person choking or in a fit. The poor child being much frightened by these alarming phenomena, the Apostle hastened to inform her that all these tall women were without tongues, these useful members having been extracted when they arrived at a marriageable age according to the strange and almost incredible custom of Patagonia, from which barbarous country the amazons were brought. Beauty was now clothed in oil skin from head to foot, the dress leaving nothing but the face uncovered. The Apostle covered the eyes with sticking plaster, and desired her to hold her lips very close together while the fountain was playing. Immediately after

this charge had been given, the waters were turned on, descending upon the upturned face in an odoriferous spray, which insinuated itself into the nostrils and mouth, causing much pain. When this part of the operation was over, she was conducted to the Bath of Beauty, and completely immersed, for the purpose, the Apostle said, of making her BEAUTIFUL FOREVER all over. She was then exposed to the rays of the sun for about fifteen minutes. When the drying process was complete, a loose white robe was thrown over her person, and thus attired she was led back into the Fountain Room, where her appearance seemed to produce a great sensation.

“Am I really so beautiful?” asked the girl, her heart fluttering with delight upon hearing what she conceived to be an irrepressible expression of rapture drawn forth from the spectators, by the extreme splendour of her ozonized charms—“am I beautiful forever?”

“Alas, poor girl!” returned the Apostle, “our efforts in this case not only have not been successful, but have been attended with a surprising and disastrous metamorphosis. I fear you must have lately given yourself up to passion, for passion causes the pancreatic fluid to ferment, and ozone acting upon fermented pancreatic fluid produces a chemical re-action resulting in the development of nitrate of silver in the tissues, which is an indelible black dye. Thus it has the remarkable property of making the bad tempered black while it makes the good-tempered fair. Unfortunately I neglected to question you regarding your temper before submitting you to the action of the ozonized waters—for who could imagine that such a lovely girl could be otherwise than good-humoured—and the results are such as I shall ever deplore.”

Beauty tore the sticking plaster from her eyes, glanced in the mirror, and then uttered a dismal scream—her ivory skin

had changed to ebony—she was as black as a negress.

“It is the result of your pancreatic fluid being fermented by passion,” repeated the Apostle apologetically. “I did my best, I assure you.”

“I don’t believe my pancreas has anything to do with it,” screamed Beauty, dancing about the room in the extremity of her rage. “It is a trick—all a trick—nothing but a trick—and you are an impostor—and a charlatan—and I’ll have you prosecuted, and transported.”

At this moment Aunt Penelope was ushered into the penetralia. It would be impossible adequately to describe her dismay upon recognising in that blue-black face the features of her lately blooming and lovely niece; nor her panic when immediately after mamma, also black, and threatening to prosecute every body, rushed upon the scene, and, simultaneously, Aunt Flo, also dyed to an Ethiopian tint and dissolved in tears.

"I'll transport you, you vile impostor, you," shrieked Beauty, doubling up her pretty dumpling hands, and shaking them at the Apostle.

"I'll have the law of you, you wicked charlatan," screamed mamma. "I'll expose you every where, you conjuring witch. I'll advertise you in the 'Times,' so I will, you infamous designing wretch."

"Whatever I can do to you, I'll do to you, you abominable woman, you detestable female devil, you odious necromancer," sobbed Aunt Flo.

"I assure you, ladies, that although appearances are against me, and I may seem to be skilled in the black art, I am not a necromancer. It is your pancreas that has played the magician, and transformed you into Ethiopian Venuses," retorted the Apostle with an insolent smile.

"I don't believe it is my pancreas a bit; it is a trick," said Beauty.

"A fraud," said mamma.

“An imposture,” said Beauty.

“A necromancy,” insisted Aunt Flo.

Beauty now observed that the whole of the unfortunate mutes were shaking all over in the most alarming manner, turning, and twisting, and doubling themselves up, as if in violent convulsions, and wheezing, and blowing through their noses in a series of explosions of the most extraordinary character, and began to suspect that the Patagonian ladies were laughing at her.

“How dare you laugh at me,” she cried, springing in a fury upon the two nearest her and tearing off their veils.

What was her surprise upon discovering in the faces of the pretended amazons, the hirshute features of Cornet Spoon of the Xth Dragoons, and Ensign Bodkin of the Gooseshire Rifles, all red, and bloated, and apoplectic, in the last agonies of suppressed cachinnation. A light broke upon her mind, she had been made a victim of one of those

practical jokes by which the Xth Dragoons had rendered themselves notorious, and more than once brought down upon themselves the censure of the Commander-in-chief.

Seeing a basin near, she went to it and commenced scrubbing her face violently; but although she rubbed, and rubbed, and rubbed, until the skin commenced to peel off, it grew no whiter. "Oh! Mr. Bodkin," she asked tearfully, "when will it come off?"

"When the leopard changes its spots," replied Bodkin, in an aggravating manner. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin? An Ethiop you are, and an Ethiop you must remain, as long as you live. Your beautiful black complexion is as irremovable as that patent American Invention the Indelible Black Pencil, or, marking ink superseded, warranted never to wash out."

"Hush Bodkin," said the Cornet, let

me explain this unpleasant affair to Miss Jocund. The fact is, Miss Beauty," he continued, retreating before the irate girl, dodging now behind one of the aunts, and now behind mamma, "the Temple of Beauty is an institution kept up by Lord Fitztickle for the purpose of trying the temper of any woman he may wish to marry. He places her under that fountain and dyes her black, and when he finds a woman who can keep her temper under those circumstances, he is resolved to make her his wife—but as yet he has not found one whose deportment under the ordeal was satisfactory."

Here another of the veiled figures tore off the covering from the face, thereby revealing the features of Lord Fitztickle.

"I protest," said the nobleman, indignantly, "that this tale is a wicked fabrication. I have no interest in this place, and came here merely from motives of curiosity,

It is not the first time that Mr. Spoon has, by his cruel practical jokes, endeavoured to make a breach between me and the ladies of my acquaintance. I cannot remove from the minds of Miss Palmer, Miss Bloxham, or Miss Thompson, the suspicion that I was at the bottom of the scandalous tricks played upon them in my name, for the alleged purpose of testing their tempers, with a view to matrimony, although I have given them to understand again and again, that I am a confirmed old bachelor. I'll tell you what, Mr. Spoon, I will no longer be made your scape-goat—I'll report you to the Horse Guards, sir,—Yes, sir, to the Commander-in-Chief, sir, and have you tried by Court-martial, sir, and cashiered, sir."

"Rather than meet with such a fate," observed Spoon, pretending to be alarmed, "I here pronounce Lord Fitztickie guiltless

of having act or part in these transactions, or of having perforated Miss Palmer's patent air crinoline, adulterated Miss Bloxham's rouge, or altered the fashion of Miss Thompson's new bonnet. The truth is, that this is a house which our regiment has fitted up as a Temple to Momus, or a theatre for the playing of practical jokes, having a moral tendency. The Fountain of Beauty is filled with a dye of nitrate of silver, which turns everything it touches black. It was our custom to submit credulous women coming to us to its ebon influence, and then to assure them that the unexpected action was entirely owing to the fermentation of their pancreatic fluid caused by their not having adopted a regimen and hygienic habits calculated to promote the absorption of ozone by their system. This information generally satisfied them, and induced them to cultivate cheerfulness and good temper, to rise

early, to take plenty of exercise, to carefully regulate their diet, and to avoid all those depressing emotions which tend to injure the complexion. By these means, we generally succeeded in considerably improving their appearance, and if not actually making them beautiful forever, at least bringing them as near that state as the laws of nature would permit. But alas," he added, sadly, "the premature discovery of our secret for rendering the naturally plain person lovely and attractive, has I fear deprived us of the pleasure of exercising our art upon Aunt Penelope, whom we had proposed to make beautiful forever too—capital joke that would have been!—Imagine Aunt Penelope beautiful forever! ha! ha! ha! Let us now adjourn to lunch, for I see the friends whom we invited to witness this very light comedy, are growing impatient for the champagne.

which they have been promised shall conclude the performance. Oh, a capital joke it would have been, ha! ha! ha!"

"A joke that would have cost you all your commissions," observed Aunt Penelope, with a grim look.

"He knows, Aunty, that we'd hush it up, not liking to be shown to the public in an absurd and ridiculous situation—he knows that we dare not complain to the Commander-in-chief, lest all these things would be published in the newspaper accounts of the court-martial," whimpered Beauty.

"Do not be ungrateful to your best friends—self and brother-officers," said Spoon. "Have not we shown you how you may preserve your beauty by rational and hygienic means? Daily inhale the highly ozonized breezes of the morning, in those localities where Ozone most abounds.

"Go offer it thy fading cheek,
Its tender bloom, decaying never,
Makes, like the Angel's potent breath,
The Mortal Beautiful Forever.

of a fall which he got in the garden. The captain remarked that it was a singular circumstance that the blood was on the back of the coat; and went on to enquire if they knew anything about the shot which had recently been fired in the garden, and which was followed by a scream. Beatrice said that she had been firing at a bat, and that Di was frightened; and then to change the subject urged Hautville to proceed with the reading of the "Cap." The editor obeyed:—

"Miss Tomacina had many lovers; and ill-natured people alleged, so difficult did she feel the invidious task of selection, that she had some intention of emigrating to the island of Tongataboo in the South Seas, where a plurality of husbands is not only legal, but honourable; is, in fact, the rule rather than the exception. However, love of her native land prevailed, and, rather than expatriate herself, she gave up her plural intentions and betrothed herself solely

to SNOOKS! Hence, from my tale, ye rivals of the fascinating Snooks—hence with all your hopes and fears, your joys and disappointments.

“The hero, Snooks, a barrister, was a great favourite with the sex, and had jilted several heiresses at the time my story opens. He was a man of inexhaustible anecdote; there never was a joke or story on the *tapis* but he was able to cap it by another more witty or more marvellous, arising out of some case in which he had been engaged. Is it surprising, therefore, that the Tom sometimes exhibited her partiality for him in a manner which, to say the least of it, was—well no matter.

“Tom was a strange girl: at the time my story commences, she was only *engaged* to Snooks, and had not made up her mind whether she would finally make him happy or not. She vacillated between Perigord pies in Piccadilly, and love and a crust in a less fashionable locality. I forgot to men-

tion that, at the time my tale commences, the attorneys had only just *begun* to know Snooks, and the Tom had only just discovered that well of love which at a later period gushed forth in great volume, and went bubble, bubble, bubble, over the happy man—at the time my story commences the well only dribbled occasionally, and frequently ran dry altogether; and the attorneys—but I am repeating myself.

“How was it that at the age of twenty-five the Tom, with so many admirers, was still a maid?—”

“Perhaps they didn’t ask her,” suggested Harcourt, fancying himself appealed to for a solution of the puzzle.

“Don’t interrupt me again,” returned the narrator, testily; “my question was merely a figure of rhetoric—How was it that at the age of twenty-five the Tom was still a maid? Was it that the crust she sought had been offered without being sufficiently buttered, and that the water in its pristine

state she 'feared might disagree with her? Why was she still a maid?"

"Oh, bother," said Di, impatiently. "How often are you going to ask us that? I can tell you the reason: she hadn't seen any man she liked well enough to marry—*That* was the reason."

"Why was she still a maid?" repeated Hautville, doggedly. It may have been that she had seen, in the ten years she had been 'out,' men whom she could have loved, and who could have given her the Perigord pies and the mansion in Piccadilly which she sighed for, and that she had hoped, and flirted, and been disappointed; it may have been that she had seen men who loved her, and whom she could have loved in return, but who lacked the means to gild the wings of Hymen sufficiently to fit him to adorn a fair lady's chamber; and it may have been that she had seen men who were able and willing to supply the gilding, but whom she could not love (this, however,

is very, very improbable). The last supposition she favoured herself, the two former she rejected, vehemently denying that she had ever seen a man she liked well enough to marry; and as for—here she named half a dozen good-looking fellows whose names report had coupled with hers—it was a wicked story that she had ever cared for them—everybody knew she might have had them if she liked.

“I have said that Tom had reached the age of twenty-five—reached it an unsuccessful flirt—”

“In Hautville’s opinion every girl is a flirt,” said Annesley; “for my part, I have a better opinion of the sex, and believe coquettes to be exceptional characters.”

“Who, the deuce, would flirt with you?” retorted the narrator.

“Nevertheless, an *heiress* has deemed me worthy of her notice; although, unfortunately, I was unable to reciprocate the attachment,” returned Annesley, who, believing himself to

be a favourite with the ladies, was exasperated to indiscreet confidence by the other's taunt.

"Of course we all know about Miss P——, and how your chains too fast hath bound her within their magic spell. I do not for a moment mean to deny that you are a most captivating individual, and can only account for your not having been coquetted with in society, by supposing that the coquettes wished to marry a man whom the attorneys were beginning to know. Everybody is aware that a girl will neither flirt with, nor before, a man she wants to marry, but prudently reserve her fun for the bachelor ineligible."

"Such are not the manners of young English ladies," said Annesley, elevating his nose, and intimating by tone and manner that he believed no man had ever more favourable opportunities of studying the nature of the young English lady than he, and that therefore his decided opinion ought to settle the matter without further appeal.

“Bah!” exclaimed Hautville, with a provoking smile, and shrugging his shoulders; “you know nothing about the matter. It is but a small portion of the lives of even those women with whom we are most intimate that is known to us. If the antecedents of even the most correct of the young ladies we meet in society were ripped up, what a very small chance they would stand of obtaining husbands—if every woman’s past history were known, how very few marriages would take place at all. I do not mean by this to insinuate that the young English lady ever has done, or ever would do anything actually wrong—I believe her to be too well brought up for that: her past history would only expose misfortunes, not faults—but misfortunes which would utterly ruin her matrimonial prospects. In nine cases out of ten, the *fiancé* would learn that the young English lady had given her affections at some previous time to some one who had not placed a

proper value on them—who had slighted them—and that she had now no love to give which was not second-hand. It is not a pleasant reflection that your future wife's love is second-hand; it is not a pleasant reflection that she is probably marrying you out of pique, and because she is afraid that she can get no one else, and because she wants to get away from a home where she is dull and unhappy; it is not pleasant to be unable to tell whether the pleasure she exhibits on receiving and reciprocating your endearments is genuine or only assumed, and whether in her heart of hearts she really thinks you to be the 'duck' she calls you, or another kind of bird of similar appearance and analogous character, but somewhat larger. But this is a digression. I have said that Tom had reached the age of twenty-five a maid, at the time my story commences—"

"This is the third time you have told us that. In my opinion, you will never

get beyond the commencement," said Di, peevishly.

"Let me tell my own story in my own way, or I will not tell it at all—Tom had reached the age of twenty-five a maid, at the time my story commences. She was now fat, fair, and in fifteen years she would be forty. But Tom resolved that before the alliterative period should arrive, she would be a maid no longer; and so she encouraged Snooks. 'Nine-tenths of a belle's chance of making a good match have passed away when she fails in securing it during her *first* season; for nine-tenths of the men whom she meets in her *second* season, are the very *partis* whom she angled for in vain during the *first*, and who are not likely to gorge the bait, now stale, and dull, and tossed, and dragged, which they refused when fresh, and bright, and novel.' Thus Tom reflected, and she encouraged Snooks. She had failed to make a good match when she had arrayed on her side the much-

prized attractions of youth; and it would be perhaps well not to be too particular now that her charms were hackneyed and her face had ceased to be a novelty; now that her complexion was fading and her figure was growing stout; and so she held her hand out to Snooks—”

“Good Heavens! how often are you going to tell us that?” cried Di in a frenzy of impatience. “Shall I finish your story for you, as you don’t seem able to get on with it yourself?—She married Snooks and made him a capital wife, and they had a large family, and she lived to see her husband Lord Chancellor, her sons all on the Bench, and her daughters all married to eminent legal functionaries—didn’t she, Bill?”
Amatory emphasis excusable in a fiancée.

“No, she didn’t,” returned Hautville, with great acerbity; “she did nothing of the kind—you never were more mistaken in your life—and Heaven only knows what great mistakes you have made—I know of

more than one. Am I to go on with my story?"

"I don't care whether you go on with it or not," retorted Di, kissing her Bill again. "I know it will be stupid—you always are stupid."

"Oh, please go on?" pleaded Harcourt.

"Shall I go on, Annesley?"

"Oh, go on, by all means," said Annesley, who knew very well that Hautville, only affecting reluctance, was resolved to proceed despite interruption.

"Well, as you are all so anxious to hear my story, I suppose I must go on with it. Did I say the attorneys were beginning to know Snooks?"

"You did," said Harcourt.

"That Snooks had a large practice as a conveyancer?"

"You did."

"Well, I ought to have added that his practice existed only in his imagination. He revelled in wild dreams of fat clients jostling

each other on the stairs leading to his third floor flat in Mediæval Square, Lincoln's Inn Fields; and of ten guinea briefs flying about in flocks, crying, 'Will you have me? will you have me?' Two or three times he invited Tom down to the Courts at Westminster to see him conducting a case. The credulous Tom went and found Snooks arrayed in forensic panoply; but the case was never called on.

"Snooks spent all his leisure time—and he had, unfortunately, too much on his hands—in inventing, and writing out on foolscap, knotty cases. These he made up in the form of briefs, endorsed with attorneys' names, taken at hap-hazard from the 'Post Office Directory,' and marked with large fees. At the time our story commences, he had manufactured a very respectable show of dummies, indeed. When he resolved upon making the Tom, his wife, he took as many pupils gratis as he could get, and set them to manufacture more

dummies. In a short time the piles of forensic fiction were so numerous and lofty, as to produce a profound impression on the Tom's papa—especially as he observed that they were increasing in the geometrical progression.

“Snooks, whenever he invited the Tom's papa to lunch among the dummies, artfully engaged some of the blue-bag men who hang about Lincoln's Inn, to drop in at the appointed hour with briefs from imaginary attorneys—briefs in which the plaintiffs were fictions, and the defendants myths. Fearing that if he entrusted these forensic hangers-on with real money to pay the fees marked upon the briefs, he would never see either the men or the money again, he laid in a supply of notes drawn on the Bank of Love, and of the counterfeit sovereigns used in money dealings on a large scale on the stage, which he purchased in Covent Garden at a shilling a dozen. It sometimes happened that blue-

bags were not to be had, and then Snooks was driven to supply their place with any dirty-looking fellows dressed in black whom he could find.

“It was on one of these occasions that the Tom’s papa was very nearly discovering the infamous trick which was being played upon him. It happened thus: An appointment was made for the discussion of some very choice Johannisberg—only cost a guinea a bottle—and when in fulfilment of it, the Tom’s papa had toiled up the three pair stairs which led to the dummies, he found Snooks with an enormous pile of foolscap before him writing away like a steam engine.

“‘My dear fellow,’ said Snooks, lifting his head for a moment, but not rising from his seat, ‘sit down for a few moments and look over the morning’s paper—I have not time to talk to you just now—I am engaged on a great railway case, and my opinion must be forwarded to Messrs. Blatherwell

and Bloxham, the company's solicitors, before three o'clock. It is extraordinary how solicitors *will* run things to the last moment—it is really most unfair to us barristers.' Here Snooks gazed severely at a seedy-looking man, dressed in black, who was sitting in a remote corner of the room, and demanded of him if he was certain that the opinion *must* be ready by three. The seedy-looking man replied that he had been told to wait for it. Upon which Snooks sighed, and then, settling himself fiercely in his chair, wrote away faster than before.

"‘That is the “Times” you are reading,’ he remarked, popping up his head for a moment while he was arranging a fresh sheet of foolscap; ‘I always take the “Times,” because it is such a gentlemanly paper—none of your penny papers for me—if it does cost three pence, it’s worth the money.’ Snooks dived again into his brief.

“A few minutes afterwards an attorney’s clerk entered with a brief marked five—

guineas, and paid the fee with a bank-note, in which the proper number of shillings seemed to be wrapt up. 'From Messrs. Smyth and Smythe, in re Black versus White, fee five guineas,' said the clerk.

"'Any time mentioned for sending in the opinion?' asked Snooks.

"'Must be ready by ten o'clock to-morrow.'

"'Dear me! dear me! dear me! procrastinating set of rascals, these attorneys,' muttered the irate barrister, in an audible whisper—'an intricate case of title, like this, to be gone into in a few hours.' Then, aloud, 'Tell Messrs. Smyth and Smythe, I'll endeavour to have it ready by the time specified.'

"The Tom's papa reflected that, after all, perhaps Tom was not doing so badly in accepting a barrister whom the attorneys were beginning to know: 'If Snooks only receives one five guinea brief every day, that will be—why that will be—five multiplied by three hundred and sixty-five,

equal eighteen hundred and twenty-five pounds per annum, by Jove! Then there are the sundays to come out of this gross sum—five times fifty-two is two hundred and sixty, subtract that from eighteen hundred and twenty-five, the result is a clear annual income of sixteen hundred and fifty-five pounds, not deducting income tax.’ The Tom’s papa had scarcely finished this abstruse calculation—scarcely had he brought out this splendid result, when in came another attorney’s clerk with—yes—positively another brief.

“‘From Messrs. Flux and Sparkle, in re Jones versus Robinson, fee ten guineas,’ said the clerk. ‘Mr. Sparkle is sorry he had not a note to send instead of these sovereigns,’ added the man, tendering a handful of gold and silver.

“‘Why, that will add—ten times three hundred and sixty-five, equal three thousand six hundred and fifty pounds per annum to Tom’s income,’ calculated the Tom’s papa.

‘Oh, the horrid sundays, I was quite forgetting them—ten times fifty-two is five hundred and twenty, that taken from three thousand six hundred and fifty, leaves three thousand one hundred and thirty, which, added to the original income of sixteen hundred and fifty-five, gives a grand total of four thousand seven hundred and eighty pounds, not deducting income tax; and then there are the odd shillings to be added, I was forgetting them—but stop—the clerk gets them—lucky fellow, this clerk. What a sly dog Snooks is not to let us know that he was making such a large income; perhaps he was afraid that Tom might take him for his money, and wished to test the disinterestedness of her affection.’

“Snooks was doubtful whether he ought to undertake this brief—he had more business on hand, he said, than he could possibly get through. Would Messrs. Flux and Sparkle press him? They would give him his own time. Oh, well, that was very

satisfactory, the case would receive his best attention. 'It won't do to be out of the way while these kind of things are flying about,' whispered Snooks to Tom's papa, giving the gold a push, 'so I am afraid that I cannot spare the ladies a day tomorrow.' Giving the gold another push, 'Hang the fellow, what made him send me gold—it's so heavy.'

"Snooks turned again to his brief, and had written for, perhaps, five minutes, when he was again interrupted, this time by a well dressed man of rather dissipated appearance—one of the blue-bag men disguised as a gentlemanly client in one of Snook's own suits of gentlemanly clothes.

"'Your world-wide reputation for legal acumen,' said the new comer, blandly, 'has induced me to call in order to consult you about an intricate case of title—'

"'Stop a moment,' broke in Snooks, with a haughty wave of the hand, 'who's your attorney?'

“‘I have not yet engaged an attorney,’ returned the other.

“‘Then I cannot receive you as a client—it would be violating the etiquette of the profession to do so.’

“The dissipated-looking man tendered several bank-notes, and the Tom’s papa, whose opinion of forensic morals was not a high one, thinking Snooks’ scruples would vanish before the magic touch of the crisp notes, commenced another very complex calculation. But it appeared that Snooks was a man of nice honour, and proof against even greater temptation than that which was offered. ‘If you were to give me your house full of silver and gold,’ he said, ‘I would not violate professional etiquette—it would be an ungentlemanly thing. Go and get an attorney. I cannot confer with you save through an attorney.’ He bowed the would-be client politely out of the room. At the same moment an attorney’s clerk entered with another brief—a brief of por-

tentous dimensions. Tom's papa, getting confused among his figures, and beginning to think that the future Mrs. Snooks' income was not amenable to the rules of mental arithmetic, prepared to work out a new estimate with pencil and paper.

“‘Brief from Messrs. Pilgrim and Progress, in re Faithful versus Flatman, fee forty guineas,’ said the clerk.

“‘Forty times three hundred and sixty-five—’ commenced Tom's papa, and then he stopped in amazement and indignation, for he found that the over-conscientious Snooks was declining the brief, and so cutting off a very large part of Tom's income.

“‘I cannot possibly accept this brief,’ said Snooks, ‘I have no time at my disposal. Tell Messrs. Pilgrim and Progress [*glancing over the pages*] that I would recommend them to send it to my friend the Attorney-General, as I see it is very much in his line.’

“‘Why, Snooks,’ said the Tom's papa, when the door had closed on Messrs. Pilgrim

and Progress's clerk, 'I could almost swear I have seen that man before.'

" 'Where?' asked the barrister, uneasily.

" 'Well—of course, it can't be him; but the resemblance is remarkable—quite extraordinary—'

" 'Perhaps a case of mistaken identity,' stammered Snooks, getting very red in the face, and looking frightened; 'such things very common—in our profession cases of mistaken identity are turning up every day—men have been hanged before now for the sin of looking too like their neighbours. Even my own limited experience at the bar—hem!—affords many extraordinary cases founded on mistaken identity. For instance, when I was going the northern circuit—I have given up going circuit now, chamber business much more lucrative—when I was going the northern circuit, a very strange thing occurred * * * * *—'

The asterisks represent a very capital anecdote connected with a case of mistaken identity.

“‘Well,’ said the Tom’s papa, shaking his head, doubtfully, for the likeness puzzled him, ‘if the tall, gentlemanly-looking blind man who stands in Charing Cross with his back up against the National Gallery ever commits murder, Messrs. Pilgrim and Progress’s clerk will stand a good chance of being hanged for being like him.’

“Snooks affected to laugh at the observation, stooping over and shuffling his papers to conceal his confusion.

“‘By-the-by,’ continued the Tom’s papa, ‘you can save me the trouble of going down to the Bank of England to change a large note. Oblige me with gold or small notes for this,’ tendering a twenty-pound note, ‘give me some of that gold that you were complaining of as being so heavy—Ha! ha!’

“‘Here it is,’ said Snooks. In his agitation he drew the money from a different pocket from that which he intended.

“‘One, two, three,’ commenced Tom’s papa, reckoning his change—‘why—bless

my soul—these are counterfeit! Snooks, these sovereigns are counterfeit!’

“‘Ha! ha! ha!’ laughed Snooks, ‘that was a mistake—here are notes—you’ll find *these* all right.’ So great was his nervous trepidation, that he thrust his hand into the wrong pocket again.

“‘Five and five are ten,’ commenced Tom’s papa—‘Hey!—what is the meaning of this—these notes are drawn on the Bank of Love, Snooks?’

“‘Ha! ha! ha!’ feebly cachinnated the man whom the attorneys were beginning to know. ‘Good joke that—how could I make such a mistake. I am working too hard, and my brains are getting addled—Oh, those procrastinating attorneys! those procrastinating attorneys! I was at Lady Pimlico’s private theatricals last night, and took the part of Shylock in the Merchant of Venice. I must have carried off by mistake the moneys I was offered to redeem the pound of merchant’s flesh, to which my

bond entitled me—how stupid! What will Lady Pimlico think of me? But here is the genuine money.’ This time he put his hand into the right pocket, and Tom’s papa received the value of his note in sterling gold and unimpeachable notes. The Johannisberg was shortly afterwards brought in, and Tom’s papa, before leaving, promised to ‘think about’ Snook’s suit.

“Poor Snooks was unhappy, for the Tom had not yet made up her mind whether she would have him or not, and sometimes gave the other suitors sufficient encouragement to make Snooks tremble, and threaten to punch their heads—”

“Oh, this is too bad,” said Di; “you are going back in your tale instead of forward. When you commenced, Tom had decided on marrying Snooks, and you dismissed the other admirers with all their joys and that sort of thing; and now you have unsettled her mind and brought the admirers back again. I *knew* you would

not be able to finish your story—we shall *never* get to the end !”

Hautville smiled a personal smile while he replied, “I only meant that Snooks could not get the Tom to name the day, or even the month, or year ; that she openly announced it to be her opinion that an engagement is one thing and marriage another ; that she talked of promises and pie-crusts in the same breath ; and in various other ways hinted that she was still open to competition. Snooks was in a terrible fright lest the other admirers should cut him out. ‘If she could only see me conducting a case at Westminster,’ he said to himself, ‘I might, perhaps, get her to name the day ; for the scene is imposing, and women are easily impressed. The event, too, would allay the suspicions aroused in the mind of my Tom’s papa by the case he has so often come to Westminster to hear me speak in not being called on.’

“Snooks bethought him of an old school-

fellow who, having become an attorney, and finding himself in the possession of a wife and family without means adequate to their support, was driven to resort to measures so ungentlemanly—flagrant violations of professional etiquette—that he, Snooks, had been obliged to cut him. This man's name was Snivel. Snivel bribed municipal officers to tout for business for him at the police courts; ferritted out persons who had been slandered, and, by promising to conduct their cases gratis, induced them to bring actions; hunted down virgins whose feelings had been wounded by masculine monsters, and persuaded them to appeal to a jury of their countrymen for such heavy damage as 'cannot, indeed,' he would say, 'compensate you for the mental anguish which you have suffered, but which may serve to deter other masculine monsters from similar outrages,' and so forth.

"Snooks knew that Snivel was unscrupulous, and had no doubt that some arrange-

ment might be made, by which a real brief should find its way among the dummies. Snooks stated his wish to Snivel: 'I have a particular reason,' he said, 'for, desiring to be engaged in a case of such a nature as would afford opportunity for a display of eloquence. If you, Snivel, will give me one to conduct, I will let you pocket all the fees yourself—you understand: I will give you my services gratis, and yet you may charge your clients all your conscience will allow—or, at least, all you think they'll pay. The strictest secresy may be relied on.'

"Snivel grinned: 'Forgive me, Snooks,' he returned, 'for asking if you are in love, and want to get married?'

" 'Sir,' replied Snooks, fiercely, 'chaff is an ungentlemanly thing.'

" 'Don't be angry,' remonstrated Snivel; 'nothing was further from my intention than to chaff you. The fact is, I have hundreds of applications similar to yours on hand from young barristers anxious to exhibit their

eloquence, and prepared to pay handsomely for the opportunity. In every one of these cases I have ascertained the motive to be the same: each aspirant for a *Nisi Prius* case wishes to become a benedict, and knows that the most favourable moment for pressing his suit, would be when having concluded an eloquent speech, bewigged and begowned, covered with the laurels due to forensic success, he approaches the ear of the fair one (attending by special invitation) in the gallery, pours into it his tale of love, and demands an immediate answer. So you see I was *not* chaffing you. The fact is, the nature of the barrister is essentially domestic—barristers and curates are uxorious. Other men count the cost before they propose, and draw back with a sigh if they find they can't afford it; but the barrister and the curate rush headlong into matrimony *without* counting the cost. Still, as now-a-days, young ladies are getting worldly—or shall we say practical—young barristers

find it necessary to make a show of having some practice when they go a courting.'

" 'I see you *have* got a case which you can put me into,' said Snooks, sulkily, for he saw that Snivel was preparing the way to ask an exorbitant price for the wares which he had to sell, 'I see that you have a case you can put me into, and that you want something more than the fees.'

" 'Ha! what a sharp fellow you are. The fact is, I *have* a splendid case on hand at present—just the kind you require—breach of promise: plaintiff a charming girl of, let us say eighteen; defendant a middle-aged monster of, let us say thirty. We can prove: that he selected her carriage to travel in out of many others; that he sat next her all the way from London to Chester; that he made use of an insidious device to draw a protecting aunt into conversation, with the object of getting on speaking terms with the niece; that when this was effected he employed another in-

sidious artifice to distract the protecting aunt's attention from her charge, so that he might have an opportunity of stealing unobserved into the virgin heart of the innocent plaintiff; that he payed her several unmistakeable attentions on the way—in fact, we can make out a very clear case, and the lovely plaintiff will, doubtless, obtain a *solatium* for her damaged feelings of two thousand pounds, at least. This is a case in which a man of even ordinary abilities might distinguish himself—a case by which a man of superior ability like you, my dear Snooks, might make himself celebrated for ever—'

“ ‘I will give you one hundred guineas for the case,’ said Snooks.

“ ‘Call them *thanks*,’ whispered Snivel, nervously, ‘call them *thanks*; somebody might hear us.’

“ ‘I will give you one hundred thanks for the case.’

“ ‘Too little for such a case as this. Just

imagine yourself, my dear Snooks, coming into Court in your best wig, newly curled. *She* is already in the gallery watching your advent with beating heart. Your case is called on—you rise—you say “My lud”—every eye is upon you, every ear strained to catch your accents—you paint the insidious advances of the deceiver, the tender timidity of the maiden, the bashful shrinking back until her confidence is won, and, with the trustfulness of innocence, she listens to the perfidious tales of love. Then you pause for a moment to change your expression from insinuating softness to one suited to fierce denunciation; you thump the bench, and describe the cruel defendant’s heartless desertion. Then you soften your expression into one of melting sorrow, and, sinking your voice to a forensic whisper, picture the plaintiff’s shattered hopes. You arrive at the peroration—your accents become broken as you describe the plaintiff’s anguish and despair, her determination to pass the rest

of her life in barren celibacy—women go into hysterics—strong men weep like children—even the Court is moved to tears: “Not for her,” you say, in a thrilling undertone, “the fruition of those pure hopes—those tender aspirations which wait on matrimony; never for her the soft pressure of the little hand, reminding her that woman’s holy mission is accomplished—”

“ ‘One hundred and fifty thanks for the case,’ cried Snooks, enthusiastically.

“ ‘When you say *soft pressure of the little hand*, you twitch your gown convulsively, and cover your face with the skirts to hide your forensic emotion. And all the time you know that *She*, from the gallery, is watching your tall form rearing itself among the crowd of your less fortunate learned brothers; that *She* is observing the judges, those men learned even among the learned, taking notes of all you say, and is flattered at this homage paid to a man who pays homage to her; that *She* is, perhaps, pro-

pounding to herself this question, "*Suppose the man whose eloquence is so remarkable that it is certain to carry a verdict in the case I am listening to, were to display it in another suit in which he is even more interested, would it be possible to avoid pronouncing a verdict in his favour? Suppose he should propose, could I say 'No?'*"

" 'Two hundred thanks,' shouted Snooks.

" 'I repeat that when you know that all this *can* be, two hundred and fifty thanks will not be too much to pay for its realization.'

" 'Two hundred and fifty thanks is a large sum of-of-of *gratitude*,' said the cautious Snooks.

" 'Think of my risk,' said Snivel.

" 'What risk?' said Snooks, pretending not to know.

" 'The *Law Society*,' said Snivel; 'if it were to discover my breach of professional etiquette, would strike me off the rolls.'

" 'How could it discover the breach, when the strictest secrecy may be relied on?' asked Snooks.

“ ‘The Law Society is Argus-eyed,’ returned Snivel.

“ ‘Two hundred and fifty thanks is an awful lot of gratitude,’ repeated Snooks, shaking his head slowly.

“ ‘Think of my risk,’ repeated Snivel, looking fearfully round the room, as if apprehensive of the Argus eyes, ‘think of my risk.’

“ ‘Think of mine,’ said Snooks.

“ ‘I couldn’t do it a single thank less,’ said Snivel, firmly; ‘I couldn’t take off the smallest fraction of gratitude, indeed—I couldn’t, indeed. Another young barrister called about this very case this morning, and I’m expecting him every minute to give me a final answer. He said he’d call again at four—and it only wants five minutes of that hour now—if he was able to raise sufficient gratitude in the city. He said he had little doubt of finding it among the Jews, if the article was not discoverable among the Gentiles. I promised to keep the case open for him, and it was only

out of friendship to an old school-fellow that I offered to break my word. Good-by—Sorry my engagements will not permit me to remain with you longer. Turner—Turner—Turner [calling his clerk], bring me the instructions for counsel in that case of horse-stealing; and if Mr. Pinkey calls about that case of libel, tell him so-and-so and so-and-so.'

"Snooks saw that no time was to be lost if he wished to attain his object. Two hundred and fifty guineas was, indeed, a large sum; but then to obtain the case was to win the Tom, and the rapture of possessing the Tom would be cheaply purchased at the money. So he closed the bargain.

"At last Snooks had a real brief in his chambers. He was anxious to secure the Tom's attendance without directly asking her to come; for he feared that if he told her he was conducting a case, and invited her to attend, she might think that such a position was a novelty to him."

“Why, you told us a few minutes ago,” said Di, “that he was always inviting Tom and her papa to Westminster to see him conducting a case which was never called on!”

“Oh, that was at the time the attorneys were only *beginning* to know Snooks; then his cry was, ‘Come down on such and such a day and you will see me on my forensic legs;’ but now his practice has increased so much that he is bound to say, ‘Come down *any* day, I’m *always* on my forensic legs.’

“Fortune favoured Snooks: the Tom fixed on the very day the great breach of promise case was to come on, as the very day on which she would go to Hampton Court and take Snooks with her.

“‘I am engaged,’ said Snooks, with admirably affected carelessness, ‘in a very important and interesting breach of promise case, which I expect will be called on on that day; but if you are bent on going

to Hampton Court, I will, if you wish, try and get my friend the Attorney-General, or, if he is engaged, another friendly eminent legal functionary, to take my place.'

"Tom, however, would not hear of this arrangement: she had never heard a breach of promise case, and would go, she said, and hear Bill make his '*maiden*' speech. This was a little pun of Tom's, but it made Snooks turn pale: 'My *maiden* speech—can she suspect the truth,' he asked himself. Full many a shaft at random sent, finds mark the archer little meant.

"The memorable day at last arrived on which the young barrister was to have an opportunity of distinguishing himself. The Tom and the Tom's papa were received at the entrance to the court by the sanguine Snooks in his forensic paraphernalia. Snooks had hired two blue-bag men to keep two front seats in the gallery warm for the Tom and her papa.

"Tom felt quite subdued when she looked

at her Bill's crisp grey curls. She could not believe that a noodle's head could ever be covered by such a wig, and began to feel quite proud of her forensic admirer. She thought that the day might come when her Bill would sit up with 'that dear, delightful old quiz in the reading-desk' (thus she irreverently spoke of the judge) and wear a wig as long as he (it was the first day of term); she loved the long curls, she said, they looked so dignified. She asked her lover how long they took to grow, and privately wondered if her Bill had a sufficiently strong mental constitution to permit of their developement.

"The case was called on. Snooks had intended telling the jury that any seeming weakness in his case must be attributed to his own feeble advocacy, until it occurred to him that perhaps the Tom might fail to put a proper construction on this piece of forensic modesty, when he resolved on dispensing with it. The speech which Snooks

was to deliver had been written by Snivel, and committed to memory by the person for whom it was written, whose memory, fortunately, was as good as his imagination was dull and reasoning faculties feeble. A rehearsal had taken place at Snivel's offices, and an onerous task the poor attorney had in preparing the orator elect for the coming task, showing him when he was to twitch his gown convulsively, and when to cover his face with the skirts to hide his forensic emotion; when he was to speak in trumpet tones, and when in the forensic whisper.

“ ‘Recollect,’ repeated Snivel, ‘that whenever you are delivering a lofty sentiment you must stand on your tip-toes and spread abroad your arm as if you were about to take flight to the regions above: thus, for instance, you must assume a soaring attitude when you come to that part of your speech in which you say, “Gentlemen of the jury, I know of nothing more beautiful, nothing more elevating than the pure hopes and

noble aspirations which wait on woman's first love, et cætera, et cætera." When you utter a genial or human sentiment you must puff out your gown by dexterous manipulation, as if you were being inflated with the milk of human kindness; remember this when you say, "Gentlemen of the jury, some of you, perhaps, are fathers; some of you, perhaps, have witnessed that soft, that touching, that humanising sight—the infant drawing sustenance from the natural fount, and marked the mother's rapture when the soft pressure of the little hand reminds her that woman's holy mission is fulfilled. Gentlemen of the jury, as I draw this picture I feel my heart swelling, I feel myself expanding with genial sympathy and milk of human kindness;" here you puff out your gown by dexterous manipulation. When you wish to express abhorrence of any ultra-wicked action, you must bend your knees and draw your gown very tight round your body, so as to reduce yourself to the very smallest possible dimen-

sions, to impress the jury with the belief, that the mere idea of the action you are condemning causes you to shrink into yourself like a moral sensitive plant, withering with horror, and shrivelling with loathing and disgust. If the action you condemn is the *ne plus ultra* of wickedness, you must suck in your cheeks, and otherwise assume an appearance of complete forensic collapse : as, for instance, when you come to that part of your speech in which you say, "But let it pass, gentlemen of the jury, the defendant cannot fall lower than he has already done ; his degradation is complete, and his name will, in future, be synonymous with infamy, his touch be considered contamination by every honest man, and his very presence will cause the virtuous to shrink and shrivel, poisoned by the atmosphere he pollutes. Gentlemen of the jury, as I look at the defendant and remember what he is, I feel myself withering and collapsing with abhorrence unutterable." Here

Snivel bent his knees until he lost six inches of his height, drew the gown (lent him by Snooks for the purpose of illustration) tightly round his slim figure, and became a model of the most approved form of forensic collapse. ' In violent invective, on the contrary, you must always stand on your tip-toes and puff out your gown, so that you may seem to the jury to tower in your wrath, and swell with rage and contempt: thus you must tower and swell when you come to that part of your speech in which you say, "No, gentlemen of the jury, *not* painful to every one present—*not* painful to the defendant, whom I see laughing on my left, apparently rejoicing in the wreck caused by his own perfidy—not painful to *him*, because, from the nature of his pursuits, his feelings have necessarily grown callous, and his heart incapable of being moved by that most touching evidence of woman's sorrow—her tears." If you deliver this passage well, it will be very effective. Commence in trumpet tones,

increasing in volume until you approach the climax: the climax is the word *sorrow*; when you pronounce that word you must seem to break down, utterly overcome by your feelings, and pointing with trembling hand at plaintiff (who will be instructed to weep copiously at this stage of the case), add, with an hysterical sob, "her tears."'

* * * * *

"Behold Snooks on his forensic legs, addressing the jury in the great breach of promise case, and sometimes taking a sly glance up at the gallery to mark the effect the imposing scene and his bubbling eloquence has on the Tom and the Tom's papa.

" 'This innocent and unsophisticated girl,' said Snooks, 'had occasion to travel from London to Chester by railway, accompanied by her aunt. On the platform at Euston Square she met the defendant, who seemed

much struck by her great personal attractions. He riveted his eyes upon her for several minutes, and finally got into the first-class carriage in which she was seated. This is important, gentlemen of the jury ; for, mark, there were several other first-class carriages which he might have selected. After entering the carriage, his next step was to obtain an introduction to the ladies. This he accomplished in a way characteristic of the man—mark the artful manner in which it was done : It was a raw, cold day—well ; he opened the window next the aunt, and thus obliged her to enter into conversation by requesting him to shut it up. The conventional ice thus broken, he proceeded to improve the acquaintance by rolling the aunt up in his railway wrapper. His next act, in pursuance of his deep design, was to lend the aunt a new novel of thrilling interest—one of those books which once commenced, cannot be laid down until it is finished. The artifice was only

too successful—the aunt became absorbed in the book—her vigilance relaxed—it went to sleep—and the defendant thus obtained the opportunity he sought—the opportunity of insinuating himself unobserved into the hitherto virgin heart of the youthful, guileless, artless, inexperienced, and, alas! too trusting plaintiff—’ ”

At this stage of the proceedings, Snivel leaned over to the interesting plaintiff, and whispered in her ear, “I hope you did not forget to provide yourself with the lachrymatory vegetable, which I recommended,” and upon the girl assuring him that she had got it at Covent Garden, on her way to Court, he added “good! rub it well into your eyes the instant he says *her tears*—don’t mind the smarting—this is the most critical part of the case, everything depends on copious weeping—every drop will cost the defendant a guinea.”

Snooks who had been on his forensic legs for six hours, now arrived at the peroration, and prepared to introduce a very

effective *coup-de-theatre* devised by the clever Snivel—one which is respectfully recommended to the notice of the Nisi Prius bar. Pointing out the plaintiff (who was sitting next the Tom in the gallery) with his index finger, and assuming an expression and manner suited to deep pathos, he said:

“ ‘There, in that wasted form, you behold all that remains of the once blooming and beautiful plaintiff; and, looking at her, I may say that this is the most painful case in which I have ever been engaged; painful to that sweet girl now sensitively shrinking under the exposure of the cruel wounds so ruthlessly inflicted by the perfidious defendant, and which it has been my duty to lay bare; painful to the hand which performs the operation; painful to you, gentlemen of the jury, many of you fathers, whose duty compels you to witness the patient’s sufferings; painful to the judge; painful to the spectators in the body of the court and gallery, many of whom I observe giving way freely to their emotion.

Weep on, weep on ; be not ashamed to give vent to your sympathy. Well may you weep when you gaze on that sad, sad wreck—my too trusting client. Weep on, weep on ; tears are a humanising, a softening, a hallowed sight. I repeat, this is the most painful case which, in all my varied experience, I have ever met ; painful to judge, jury, counsel, public ; painful to everyone présent.—’ Here Snooks, who had been gazing sorrowfully round the court, as if marking the tearful eyes of the sympathising spectators, suddenly appeared to discover a sight which overwhelmed him with indignation, causing him to tower in his great wrath, and swell with rage and contempt. He seemed to increase in stature several inches, and in circumference several feet. Dropping his pathetic tones for such as a Nemesis might with propriety address a jury, he exclaimed, ‘No, gentlemen of the jury, *not* painful to everyone present ; not painful to the defendant, whom I see *laughing* on my left, apparently rejoicing over the wreck caused by his own perfidy ; not painful to *him*, because, from the nature of his perfidious and never-sufficiently-to-be-reprobated pursuits, his feel-

ings have necessarily grown callous, and his heart incapable of being moved even by that most touching evidence of a woman's sorrow—' Here the eloquent and learned, but too tender-hearted counsel seemed to break down utterly ; hysterical sobs choked his voice as he raised his hand feebly in the direction of his unfortunate client and said, '*her tears*. Yes, gentlemen of the jury, the scalding tears which I see chasing each other down the emaciated cheeks of my too sensitive client—tears which I feel are shed in sorrow at discovering the utter depravity and heartlessness of the man she once loved—tears such as the good angels shed over those for ever lost—these holy tears seem to the defendant fit subject for ridicule. He will treasure them up. But for what?— A jest for his ribald companions, a triumphant testimony to the success of his nefarious plans. But let it pass' [sudden change of voice from the trumpet tones to the sibilant whisper], 'let it pass, the defendant cannot fall lower than he has already done ; his degradation is complete ; his name will in future be considered synonymous with infamy ; his touch, contamination ; his very presence, poison and

pollution, causing the virtuous to shrink within themselves like moral sensitive plants. Gentlemen, I am no longer angry—I am terrified; I feel myself borne down by the weight of this man's iniquity; I feel myself withering and shrivelling up, as it were, under the influence of the moral miasma which emanates from him; I feel myself collapsing utterly with horror, and dread, and loathing unspeakable.' Here the jury, to their great astonishment, observed the learned counsel's figure dwindle away almost to nothing.

"The defendant started up, gesticulating wildly; but his words were drowned in a torrent of hisses. He had *not* been laughing at all, his countenance during the whole course of the trial *had* been desponding and gloomy; for he feared the case would go against him, and knew not where to look for the inevitable two thousand pounds which, in that event, he would be condemned to pay. The laugh was an invention of Snivel's, and briefed by Snivel to Snooks. When the unfortunate defendant found himself the cynosure of all eyes, and the object of universal execration, his face began to twitch in nervous convulsion. The

spectators, thinking he was laughing again, mobbed him; the Tom poked him with her parasol, the Tom's papa poked him with his fists, and, as their efforts were seconded by the whole gallery, the poor man would, probably, have been torn to pieces, but for the timely interference of two policemen.

“ ‘Let it pass,’ said the plaintiff’s counsel, resuming his peroration when the row had somewhat subsided, ‘let the defendant exult in the knowledge that my client’s wounds are such that they can never be healed. She loved him too dearly and too well—She gave him a woman’s love! Who can fathom its depths? Who can measure its intensity? Who can describe its devotion? And what is the reward?—Wounds which can never be healed; for, alas! gentlemen of the jury, my poor client is one of those women who having once given their affections can never recall them, and if the object be unworthy pine and die, or waste their lives in barren celibacy. Let the defendant, I repeat, revel in the knowledge that my client’s love is one of those tender flowers which blossom once, and once only. Ah! never for her the fruition of those

pure hopes, those tender aspirations which wait on matrimony! Never for her the soft pressure of the little hand, telling that woman's holy mission is accomplished! [Great sensation in court: a fresh rush at the defendant, during which the Tom nearly succeeds in poking out one of his eyes by a desperate lunge with her parasol.] 'No, gentlemen, such rapture is not for her. The trembling lip; the wasted cheek, in which the hectic flush is mantling; the eyes, burning with the deceptive light of fever; these tell too plainly that the springs of life are struck, and-and-and—gentlemen, I cannot go on. Someone, perhaps, among you has a darling daughter: try and picture to yourself what *your* feelings would be were she placed in the position of the plaintiff, her guileless heart torn palpitating from her bosom by the ruthless hand of such an individual as the defendant, and trampled under foot; try and imagine what *your* feelings would be, and then you will be in a position to sympathise with the unhappy mother of my still more unhappy client. But, no. I disdain to work upon your feelings; I would appeal to your justice only. I would

appeal to you as British jury-men to mete me out justice—all I ask is justice—calm, strict, even-handed, impartial justice. If anything I have said when carried away by my feelings has tended to disturb that serene equanimity and mental balance which is necessary in the deliberations of a jury to secure impartial justice, I beg you to dismiss it from your minds. I repeat, I would appeal to your reason, not to your feelings; your heads, rather than to your hearts. I ask you to protect society, your homes, your hearths. No damages can heal the injuries my unfortunate client has sustained both mentally and physically. You cannot give colour to that faded cheek, nor lustre to the eye dimmed by many a tear. You cannot relieve the sorrows of her bursting heart. She has discovered that the idol which she set up in the shrine of her heart and worshipped is but clay, and never, never again can be deceived into an apotheosis. Oh! unhappy experience. He found her beautiful. What is she now? Beauty spoiled; hopes of life fled for ever; the hand of death is sweeping her to an early grave. Well, well, it will be consecrated by the tears

of maternal affection and of a poor old heart-broken aunt—gentle tears recalling happy memories of the past, happy memories of her youthful promise, so untimely blighted. Ah! how much has he to answer for: woman's holy mission unfulfilled—the infant drawing sustenance from the natural font, who can hope to see that pure, that genial, that humanising sight now? All I ask, gentlemen, is, that by your verdict you enable my client to say, “*Too trusting I may have been through excess of affection, but forward—never!*” And in the interests of society, your homes, and your hearths, I beg of you to attach to that verdict such heavy damages as will, in future, deter masculine monsters from practising on the noblest, the purest, the most holy feelings with which heaven has endowed that fairest of its creation, *the woman*, and prevent them from rendering the railway carriage the charnel-house of all her fondest hopes. To you I commit this great cause. I am no longer able to address you. Would that I had talents or physical energy to exert either or both longer on the part of this injured, insulted woman. She finds an advocate in

you ; she finds it in the respected judge on the bench ; she finds it in every heart that beats within this court, and in every honest man throughout the country.' Mr. Snooks sank back exhausted in his seat amidst loud demonstrations of applause, which were continued unchecked for several minutes. Cheers were also given for the too trusting plaintiff.

"Snooks had not been content to deliver Snivel's speech as it was briefed to him. He had altered it—he had added to it. As might be expected in his hands, the pathos degenerated into bathos, burlesque, and bombastic nonsense ; and the forensic emotion which was to have given it effect, into buffoonery. Still the sympathies of the jury were with the plaintiff. The foreman, starting up, said,

" ' My lord, we have made up our minds to a verdict for plaintiff : damages, two thousand pounds.'

" ' Had you not better hear the other side first ?' suggested his lordship.

" ' My lord,' interrupted a too candid jury-man, ' it's no use ; we made up our minds before we came into court—' Here the too candid jury-man was gagged by his

stronger-headed colleagues, and hustled out of sight.

“ The counsel for defendant having insisted on taking advantage of his right to reply, the jury reluctantly consented to hear him, and, with faces expressive of dogged obstinacy and a resolution to make the defendant pay for his counsel's pertinacity, resumed their seats.

“ When the learned counsel for defendant had concluded his long and eloquent speech, the foreman again started up.

“ ‘ My lord,’ he said, ‘ we have made up our minds to a verdict for plaintiff, and two thousand five hundred pounds damages.’

“ But his lordship interposed, saying, that he would not receive their verdict until they had received his charge. The jury discontentedly resumed their seats with a look which said, plainly as look could say, that the defendant should pay for the judge's charge. The judge charged in favour of the defendant, ridiculing the plaintiff's case. He told the jury that, as they had already made up their minds, he would not detain them with many observations. It was for them

to say if the intentions of the defendant in getting into the compartment in which the plaintiff had taken her seat, were other than a wish to go to Chester, in which place it was proved he had business. It was for them to say whether he had any sinister object in offering a new novel of absorbing interest to the aunt, and rolling her up in his railway wrap. It was for them to say whether the subsequent conduct of the defendant was such as to turn the scale of evidence in favour of the plaintiff, who asserted that a proposal had been made (while the defendant asserted that it had not). It was for them to say whether the defendant in acting as he did, was offering more than those little civilities which every gentleman similarly situated considers himself bound to offer to the lady with whom he travels. These were questions of fact—some, questions of courtesy. There was no correspondence; the evidence was all oral. One thing was quite clear, there was perjury on one side. The plaintiff pleaded that a promise had been made; the defendant denied it. If the jury thought the defendant made the promise and broke it, they would find him

guilty of the breach ; and if they thought that the lady's feelings and prospects were injured thereby, the jury would take these for what they were worth, and give her corresponding damages—so much for the injured feelings—so much for the blighted hopes—so much for the blasted prospects.

“ ‘ We find for the plaintiff,’ said the foreman of the jury, the moment the judge had finished speaking, ‘ with three thousand pounds damages.’

“ ‘ How so ? how so ?’ asked the Court, indignantly.

“ ‘ One thousand pounds for the injured feelings ; one thousand pounds for the withered hopes ; and one thousand pounds for the blasted prospects. We find that the damages, when taken in detail, amount to more than we had calculated on ; and your lordship told us not to lump them.’

“ While the cheers, with which the verdict for the interesting plaintiff was received, were ringing in the court, Snooks sought the lovely copiously weeping Tom (she had been overcome by the peroration) and laid his forensic laurels at her feet in the manner

advised by Snivel: 'Fairest of Toms,' he whispered, 'I am about to appear in another suit—one possessing for me far greater interest and importance than that in which I have lately been so successful; may I hope that the lovely jury before whom I plead will listen to me patiently, sympathise with the sufferings I detail, and reward me with a verdict?'

"Lovely jury listens patiently, and unanimously agrees to a verdict for plaintiff without retiring.

"That night the Tom had a strange dream. She dreamt that she was travelling in a first-class compartment of a railway carriage with Snooks, and suddenly he turned into an enormous wool-sack. In order to discover the cause of this extraordinary transformation, she opened the sack, and found therein a Cupid and a Hymen, and under these a sheep. 'Ma-a-a-a-a-a,' said the sheep—"

"Are we to be obliged to listen to this nonsense?" asked Annesley, indignantly. Di whispered something in his ear which pacified him, and Hautville went on.

"When the sheep ma-a-a-a-a-aed, Cupid

flew away, and Hymen seemed anxious but unable to follow. The Tom then discovered at the bottom of the sack the very old man who charged the jury. He smiled weakly at her and (his mind probably being confused by his hard day's work) exclaimed, 'Hail, Mrs. Whittington, thrice Lady High Chancellor of England!' and was just going to kiss her (on the plea of swearing her in) when, fortunately, she awoke, fevered and frightened. Again she slept. Again she dreamt that she was travelling in a first-class compartment of an express train with Snooks, and that he turned into an enormous wool-sack. This time she thought that she heard a grunt inside. She opened the sack and found a pig. 'Oooooooooonch,' said the pig—"

"I protest against these ungentlemanly noises," cried Annesley, starting up in a state of great excitement. "I—" Here Diana pulled him down again, and when she had charmed him into silence, Hautville continued.

"While she was looking at the pig, it suddenly turned into a sausage, and a beauti-

ful creature with wings advanced, waving a wand, and said, 'Thy good angel bids thee *Beware the Sausage.*' But the Tom was hungry, and the sausage sent up a savoury steam which she could not resist. She ate, and became sick unto death. Screaming wildly with terror, she awoke.

"The Tom refused to accept this terrible dream as a warning, and rushed upon her fate. The month for the wedding was named. Snooks now affected to be puzzled as to where he would take a house. The Tom suggested Piccadilly, but Snooks asserted that she would be happier in the suburbs, and proposed Richmond. The Tom offered to meet him half way, and say South Kensington. She wished to be near the 'Row' and the 'Drive.' She wondered that Snooks could think of asking her to live at Richmond, unless he intended taking a *quite* detached villa, and keeping a brougham. He might as well ask her to live in Saint Giles's, or the Seven Dials, or Shoreditch, or some of those other horrid places in the East end of London, as in one of those new rows of semi-detached mushroom villas at the back

of Richmond Hill. But Snooks carried his point, and in a few months Mr. and Mrs. Snooks were sojourning at No. 2 Pagoda Villas, at the back of Richmond Hill. Snooks made an agreement with his landlord that the rent should include all taxes and a railway ticket to London, so that he might be able to tell his acquaintances that 'Rents are very high in my neighbourhood; for instance, the rent of my villa, although it is but a small one, is seventy pounds a year.' 'Why are the rents high?' 'Oh, because one must always pay high for residing in a gentlemanly neighbourhood.'

"For a time everything went smoothly at Pagoda Villas, and the Tom, if she could not quite love her husband, certainly did not regard him with any more unfavourable feeling than indifference. But a change was coming. When the Tom married Snooks, she thought that he was clever in his own way; he had represented himself to be so to her, and she, poor little goose, at that time, believed every thing he told her. It was not that she was wanting in perception, for she was really an acute girl; or in sound common

sense, for of that she had an abundance. It was the wig that did it—the wig and the gown. Not until she commenced to think of him apart from these, did she discover the donkey's ears which the crisp grey curls had hidden. She tried to shut her eyes to the unpleasant sight, but, in the close intimacy of domestic life, this was impossible, for Snooks was continually thrusting his asinine appendages into her face. She knew now that he had neither the eloquence necessary to make a good advocate, nor the capacity requisite to make a good lawyer, and that he never, never could be Lord Chancellor. Tom felt naturally indignant when she found the imposition which had been practised upon her: that instead of being a clever man, Snooks was a fool. His want of intellect reflected discredit upon her choice, seeming to prove that she herself must be wanting either in discrimination or in principle.

“Snooks, we repeat, did not prosper in his profession; if he could have maintained a handsome establishment, and entertained the attorneys, their wives, and their daughters,

business of a lucrative, though minor character would have found its way into his chambers. But this he could not do, for he was over head and ears in debt, and his tradesmen refused to give him further credit. Then the Tom made the further discovery that her husband was not only a fool, but a knave; that he had misrepresented his means and prospects, and sacrificed her to his own selfish love. When the Tom found that she had been scandalously imposed upon, the little love which she had once felt for her husband became changed to contempt—almost to hatred. There are some women for whom poverty has no terrors, who care nothing for society and its amenities; to them, to wear the same dress every day for six months, and know that it has been wickedly asserted that they sleep in it, is not mortifying; to them, to carry domestic economy to the verge of starvation, is a delightful exercise of their financiering powers; to them, to be dunned continually by tradesmen, and to live in hourly expectation of an execution in the house, is a pleasing excitement. But the Tom was not one of these strong-minded

females. She had hitherto lived in a house in which the wretched expedients which she was now obliged to adopt to keep up appearances were unknown. At Beauclerc Villa she had not to get her dresses dyed and turned. At Beauclerc Villa she had not to make the puddings, and, consequently, never was sneered at for sitting down to dinner with a little piece of dough sticking under one of her nails. At Beauclerc Villa she was not obliged to do the household sewing, and, consequently, never was brutally insulted by having her delicate forefinger compared to a nutmeg-grater. The Tom was never intended by nature for household drudgery. She grew unhappy—and angry too. She thought it hard that Snooks had not told her when he was proposing, that he wanted a wife who would not object to combine the offices of cook and seamstress in her own fair person; make his puddings out of the refuse stale bread; sew on his shirt buttons, and darn his stockings.

“When passion was sated, Snooks became very unamiable. Conscious that he had made a great mistake in encumbering himself with

a portionless wife, and feeling that he had wronged the Tom by cheating her with the fictitious practice, he began to hate her. The zephyr of love increased to the domestic breeze, the breeze to the gale, and at last, after a regular typhoon, the unhappy pair virtually ceased to be man and wife, and occupied separate apartments.

“About this time the Tom renewed her acquaintance with an old love, the noble Lord Fitzwriggle; and Snooks renewed his acquaintance with an old love, the rich Miss Q——.

“Snooks was now always reflecting on what a fortunate event it would be if his wife were to die, for then he could marry the rich Miss Q——. He calculated the chances of such an event occurring but found them to be so remote, that he was almost reduced to despair. Then he caused poor Tom to sleep in damp sheets; but this only produced in her a slight cold in the head, from which she quickly recovered, instead of the deadly fever upon which he had calculated. One day observing on his wife’s dressing-table a small bottle, bearing on the label the word POISON, surmounted by a skull and

“A DANGEROUS PARASITE.—Among the successful candidates for the prize of the Academy of Sciences we mention Doctor Zenker of Dresden for his important researches on the *Trichina Spiralis*. This microscopic worm, which lives coiled up in a sort of cystus or pocket, was observed about 1835 by Mr. Richard Owen in the flesh of the pig. In 1850, Doctor Herbst of Gottingen found by experiment that the trichina was transmissible by injection, and Doctors Virchow and Lenckhart confirmed the fact.

“On the 12th of January, 1860, a young girl was admitted into the hospital of Dresden, on the supposition that she was labouring under Typhus fever; but there were some symptoms wanting to confirm this opinion. The girl died on the 27th, and Doctor Zenker, on dissecting her body, found, to his astonishment, many thousands of trichinæ in a free state in the muscular tissues. Their not being encysted was a sure sign that they were of recent importation. In the intestines he found a vast quantity of adult trichinæ, male and female, and perceived the bodies of the latter filled with living embryos

similar to those existing in the muscles. Thus Doctor Zenker, for the first time, proved that in the same person there may exist adult trichinæ in the intestines, and their larvæ in the muscles ; so that the latter could only have got into the muscles by piercing the intestines, either by direct migration, or by the blood and chyle. Upon enquiry he found that the girl had eaten pork, from a pig killed on the 21st of December, 1859, and that both the farmer and his wife, with whom she lived, had been attacked with similar symptoms, but had recovered. From all these facts, Doctor Zenker arrived at the conclusion that there exists in man a disorder resulting from the immigration of trichinæ from the intestines to the muscles, and that this disorder becomes mortal when the immigration is considerable, in consequence of the ingestion of a large quantity of meat tainted with the parasite. No sooner did this discovery become known than it was confirmed by further observation throughout Europe. In Germany, especially in those places where

raw pork is used, hundreds of cases were discovered, even assuming the form of an epidemic, where trichinated pork had been sold.—*Galigani's Messenger*.

“When Snooks read the above a load was removed from his breast, for he saw his way to marrying the rich Miss Q——. Snooks put the ‘Times’ in the fire, and then set out in search of the dangerous parasite.

“His first step was to purchase a powerful microscope at Solomon’s. Thus armed he proceeded towards the meat market, which he remembered was somewhere near the Post Office. A cold shudder passed over his frame as he passed the Old Bailey, but he laughed at his silly foreboding, remembering that no person had ever yet been hanged for poisoning another with trichinated pork, although cases of such poisoning were common all over Europe.

“At the first shop he came to he foolishly examined some pork with his microscope. The butcher immediately sent the hard word round to his brothers that a meat inspector was amongst them. Thus it was that after



a hard day's search he failed to discover the dangerous parasite. The butchers, believing him to be a government meat inspector, one and all assured him that there was not an ounce of diseased meat pork in London ; that there never had been, and that they were confident there never would be.

“Snooks in a state of deep despondency, bent his steps homeward. On his way to the Waterloo Station he passed an Italian warehouse, in the window of which a number of pork sausages were hanging. His spirits revived and he purchased a pound. On arriving at No. 2 Pagoda Villas he went straight to his room and locked himself in. On submitting one of the sausages to the microscope, he discovered a foreign body—a claw. He knew it must be a foreign body, for pigs have not got claws. Fortunately the sausage was not homogeneous, and in those portions of the meat, which were white, he discovered a quantity of adult trichinæ ; in the darker portions of the meat (those probably to which belonged the claw) he also found some dangerous parasites ; but

these, doubtless, were immigrants. Snooks when he had finished his examination, handed the remaining sausages to the cook, with directions that they should be sent up very much underdone, and dressed on a very hot fire : 'For then,' thought he, 'the sausages will not be heated through, the exterior will only be done, and the trichinæ in the interior will escape uninjured.' This was a superfluous caution, for recent experiments have revealed the terrible fact that neither baking nor boiling will destroy these dangerous parasites.

"The sausages were served. Tom, who had not tasted such a delicacy for several months (her usual diet being bread and butter and a little weak tea), partook of them freely. Snooks pretended to eat of them too, but did not actually do so. He was in high spirits, and proposed to Tom that they should make up their differences and live happily together until death did them part. Tom, delighted at the reconciliation, charmed by the kindness and attention of the hus-

band who had so lately been leading her the life of a dog, ate an unprecedented number of sausages, and this sealed her fate. On the following day she felt indisposed ; on the second—ill ; on the third, she was confined to the sofa; on the fourth, to her bed.

“ Snooks never left her side during the illness which ensued, his anxiety on her behalf was great, his attention unintermitting, his tenderness affecting. He was ill himself too ; all the symptoms of which the Tom complained, he declared that he himself felt in a milder form. On the fourth day the family physician was summoned, and pronounced the Tom’s illness to be typhus fever.

“ ‘ How is she to-day, doctor ? ’ asked Snooks, while his heaving breast, and twitching mouth, and tearful eyes, betrayed the emotion he struggled to hide.

“ ‘ Our fever is a very mild form of typhus. Our symptoms are favorable. We apprehend no danger,’ replied the physician.

“ ‘ The migration of the trichinæ from the intestines to the muscular tissue has commenced,’ thought Snooks ; ‘ but the larvæ are still in a very undeveloped state.’

“ ‘How is she to-day, doctor?’ faltered Snooks, on the twentieth day.

“ ‘The character of our disorder has changed, unfavorable symptoms have set in. We are in danger,’ was the reply.

“ ‘The trichinæ are becoming developed,’ thought Snooks, ‘and their families are increasing in the geometrical progression; doubtless, Dr. Zenker would be able at this moment to find many thousands in a free state in the muscular tissues.’

“ On the thirtieth day the doctors, for there were two now, warned Snooks that they feared the case would have a fatal termination—there was, they said, no hope.

“ On the thirty-fifth day the Tom died.

“ A month after this sad event Snooks was privately married to Miss Q——, the heiress.

“ Six months after this happy event, the second Mrs. Snooks died of typhus fever also.

“ It is currently reported that Snooks is shortly to be married to a beautiful blonde, well known on the Chain Pier at Brighton.

“ Finis.”

